

The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with marbled paper featuring a pattern of irregular, cell-like shapes in shades of brown, tan, and black. A dark, possibly leather or cloth, spine is visible on the left side. In the center of the cover, there is a rectangular label with a dark background and a thin gold border. The name "HESTER BOYD" is printed in gold capital letters on this label.

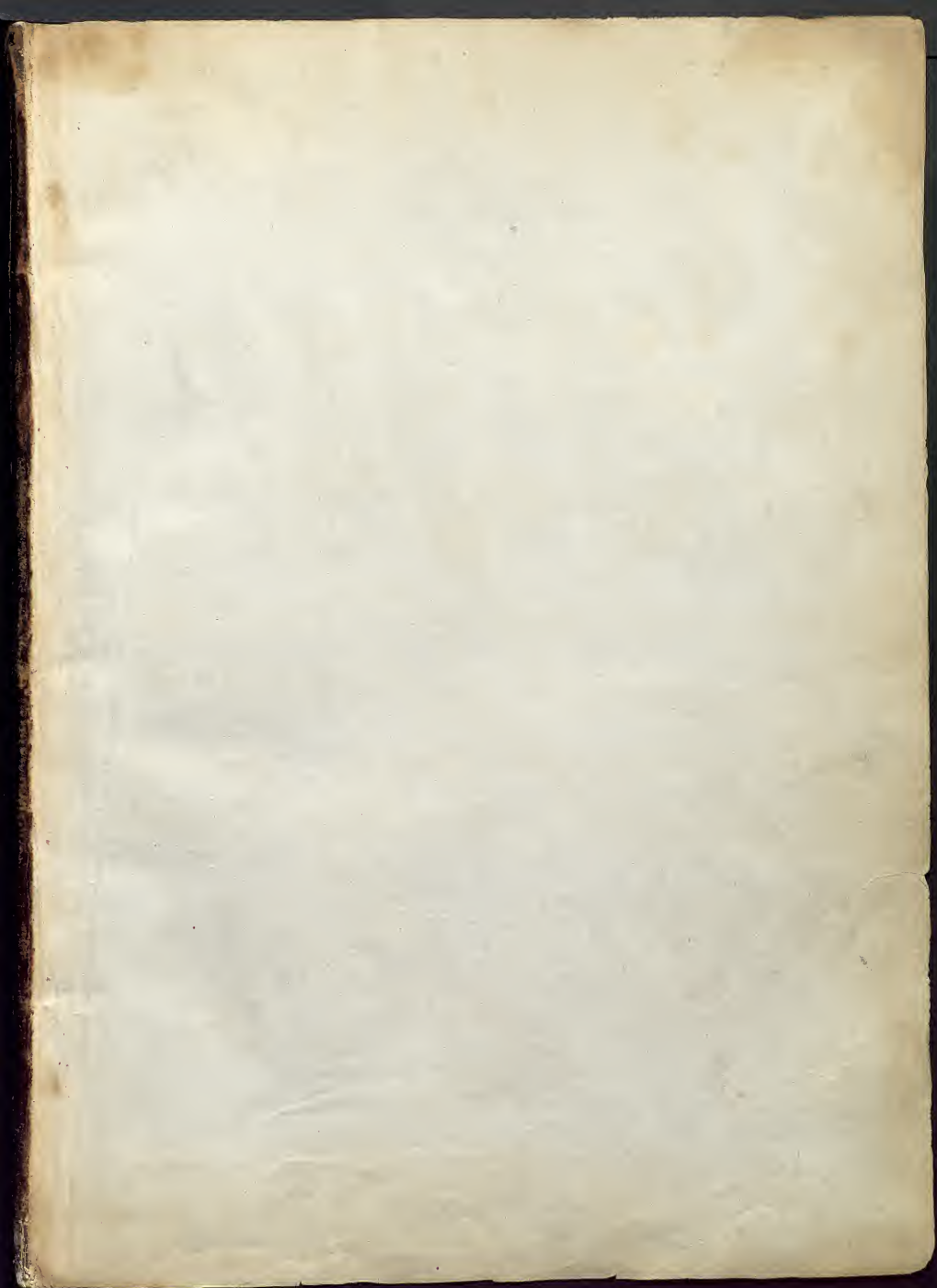
HESTER BOYD

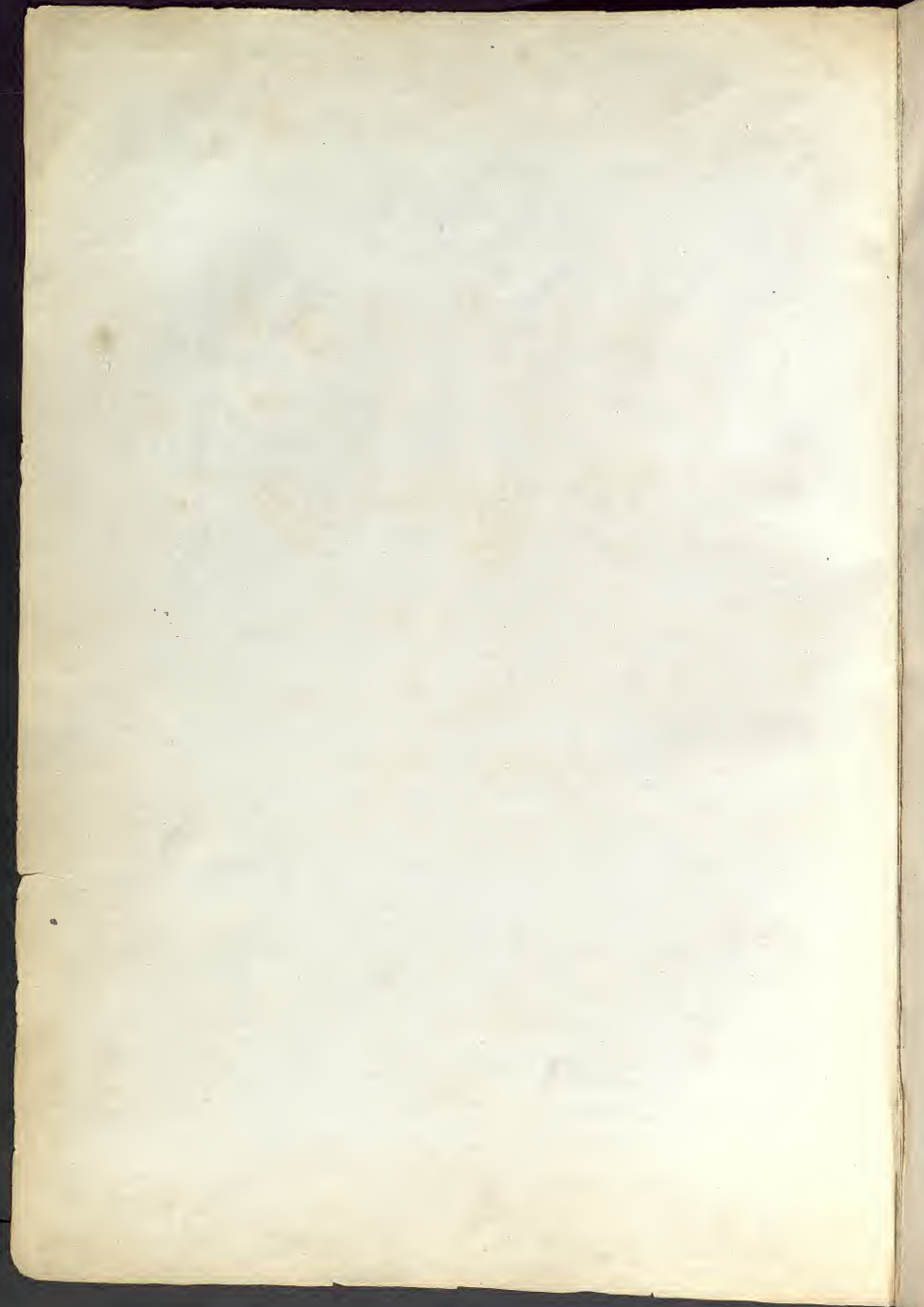
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H Y M N S
on Various Passages of
Scripture.
Written & Composed by
THOMAS KELLY.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 3/-

L O N D O N ,

Published by J. Power, 34, Strand,
and by M^{rs} M. Caulery, Moore St. Dublin.



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY
NATHANIEL BENTLEY.
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. BENTLEY, 10 NASSAU ST.
1856.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
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BY
NATHANIEL BENTLEY.
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BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
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1856.

WE'LL SING IN SPITE OF SCORN.

1

NATIVITY

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given"

ISAIAH ix. 6.

The musical score is arranged for four voices: Tenor, Contra, Treble, and Bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score includes a 'Bis' marking above the Tenor and Bass staves. The lyrics are: 'We'll sing in spite of scorn; Our theme is come from heav'n; To us a child is born, To us a son is giv'n. To us a son is giv'n. These sweetest news that ever came, We'll sing tho' all the world should blame.'

2

The long expected morn,
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing his birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

3

O 'tis a lofty theme
Supplied by angels tongues!
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms.

4

Now sing of peace divine,
Sing of good will to man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Cou'd form the gracious plan:
Cou'd find a way to save the lost,
Thyself not ceasing to be just.

5

Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy;
Give praise to God alone;
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

HARK WHAT SOUNDS SALUTE OUR EARS.

"We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

MATTHEW ii.2.

ALLEGRO

Hark! what sounds sa-lute our ears, Christ the Lord at length ap-pears:

Hark! what sounds sa-lute our ears, Christ the Lord at length ap-pears:

"Un-to us a son is giv'n: Angels bring the news from heav'n

"Un-to us a son is giv'n: Angels bring the news from heav'n

2
Come, ye saints, arise and sing,
Glory be to God our King!
"Unto us a child is born,"
Zion is no more forlorn.

3
Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star?
Lo, they gather like a cloud;
Or, as doves, their windows crowd.

6
Sons of Zion, sing aloud;
See her sky without a cloud:
God will make her joy compleat:
Zion's sun shall never set.

4
Strangers these, to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.
Zion wonders at the sight:
Zion feels a strange delight.

5
Zion now no more shall sigh;
God will raise her glory high:
He will send a large increase:
He will give her people peace.

ANGELIC MESSENGER REPEAT.

3

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, &c."

LUKE ii. 10.

MODERATO

An-gel-ic messen-ger, re-peat Those joy-ful sounds once more; For

sure no accents half so sweet E'er reach'd my ears be-fore. Glad tidings glad

ALLEGRO

sure no accents half so sweet E'er reach'd my ears be-fore. Glad tidings glad

tidings glad tidings from Heaven I bring, Glad tidings to all up-on earth. This
tidings glad tidings from Heaven I bring, Glad tidings to all up-on earth. This

day is Christ born to be king, This day is Christ born to be king "And
 day is Christ born to be king, This day is Christ born to be king "And

Beth'hem's the place of his birth? Sounds se_raphic fill the air, Angel-bands as -
MODERATO

Beth'hem's the place of his birth? Sounds se_raphic fill the air, Angel-bands as -

semble there: Angel-bands as - - semble there: Heav'n it_self, come down to earth,

semble there: Angel-bands as - - semble there: Heav'n it_self, come down to earth,

Heav'n it_self, come down to earth Ce_le-brates ce_le-brates the Saviour's birth.

Heav'n it_self, come down to earth Ce_le-brates ce_le-brates the Saviour's birth.

CHORUS

5

Glory to God glory glo-ry to God, glory glory to God on high be giv'n;

ALLEGRO

to God glory glo-ry to God, glory glory to God on high be giv'n;

Glory to God on high be giv'n; "And on earth peace, And on earth peace, good

Glory to God on high be giv'n; "And on earth peace, And on earth peace, good

will from heav'n" Halle-lu-jah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah

will from heav'n" Halle-lu-jah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lu-jah Halle-lujah

Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Amen a-men a-men a - - men.

Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Halle-lujah Amen a-men a-men a - - men.

HARK TEN THOUSAND VOICES CRY

RESURRECTION

"Death is swallowed up in victory."

1 COR. xv. 54.

CON SPIRITO

Hark ten thousand voices cry Hark ten thousand voices cry

Hark ten thousand voices cry Hark ten thousand voices cry

Victo-ry, victory, victory victo-ry, thro' the sky! Swiftly flies the welcome sound;

Victo-ry, victory, victory victo-ry, thro' the sky! Swiftly flies the welcome sound;

** ANDANTE*

Spreading rapt'rous joy a-round. Jesus comes his conflict o-ver, Comes to claim his

Spreading rapt'rous joy a-round. Jesus comes his conflict o-ver, Comes to claim his

great re-ward: Angels round the victor ho-ver Crowding to be-hold their Lord.

great re-ward: Angels round the victor ho-ver Crowding to be-hold their Lord.

* This Tune to be repeated with the three following verses.

3

O what honours now await him!
 Friends and foes shall hear his voice.
 Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him;
 Ye who love his name, rejoice.

4

Yonder throne for him erected,
 Now becomes the victor's seat:
 Lo, the man on earth rejected!
 Angels worship at his feet.

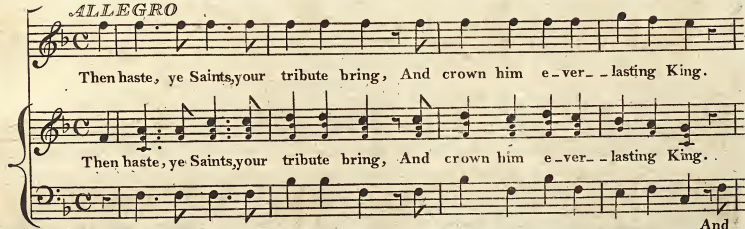
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5

Day and night they cry before him,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
 All the pow'rs of heav'n adore him:
 All obey his sov'reign word.

CHORUS

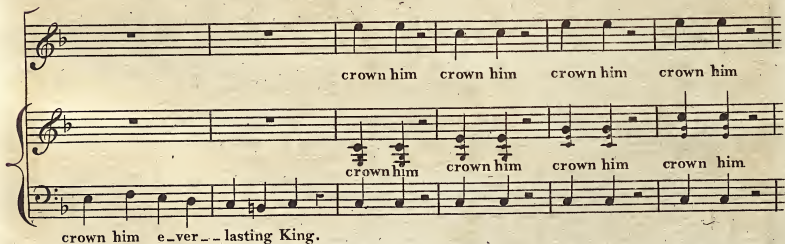
ALLEGRO



Then haste, ye Saints, your tribute bring, And crown him e-ver - lasting King.

Then haste, ye Saints, your tribute bring, And crown him e-ver - lasting King.

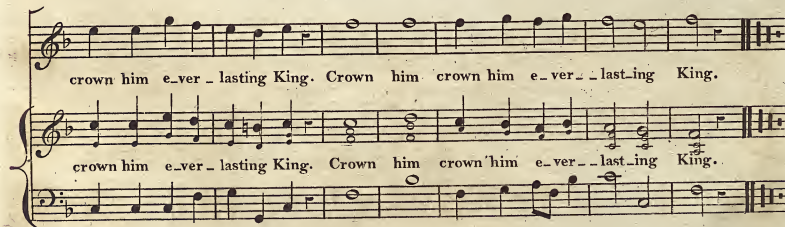
And



crown him crown him crown him crown him

crown him crown him crown him crown him

crown him e-ver - lasting King.



crown him e-ver - lasting King. Crown him crown him e-ver - last - ing King.

crown him e-ver - lasting King. Crown him crown him e-ver - last - ing King.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

LUKE xxiv. 34.

Tenor

Treble

Bass

"The Lord is ris'n in-deed," And are the ti-dings true? Yes,

"The Lord is ris'n in-deed," And are the ti-dings true? Yes,

we be held the Sa-viour bleed, And saw him liv-ing too.

we be held the Sa-viour bleed, And saw him liv-ing too.

2

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.

3

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe disarm'd.

4

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

5

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
He lives to die no more:
He lives the sinners cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

6

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
This yields my soul a plea:
He bore the punishment decreed,
And satisfied for me.

7

"The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear

8

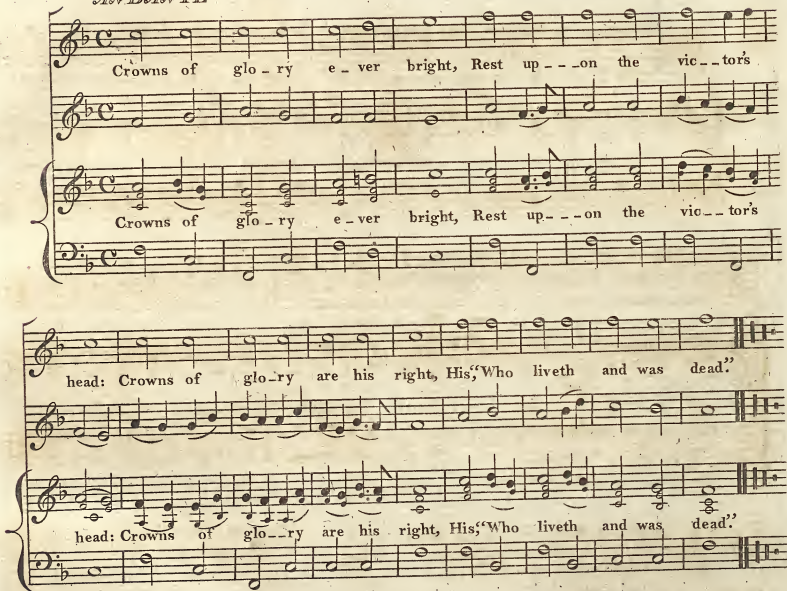
Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

CROWNS OF GLORY EVER BRIGHT.

"I am he that liveth and was dead."

REV. i. 18.

ANDANTE



Crowns of glo-ry e-ver bright, Rest up--on the vic--tor's
 Crowns of glo-ry e-ver bright, Rest up--on the vic--tor's
 head: Crowns of glo-ry are his right, His, "Who liveth and was dead."

2

Jesus fought, and won the day;
 Such a day was never fought:
 Well his people now may say,
 See what God, our God has wrought.

3

He subdued the pow'rs of hell;
 In the fight he stood alone,
 All his foes before him fell,
 By his single arm o'erthrown.

4

They have fall'n to rise no more:
 Final is the foe's defeat:
 Jesus triumph'd by his pow'r,
 And his triumph is compleat.

5

His the fight, the arduous toil;
 His the honours of the day;
 His the glory and the spoil;
 Jesus bears them all away!

6

Now proclaim his deeds afar:
 Fill the world with his renown:
 His alone the victor's car:
 His the everlasting crown.

COME, YE SAINTS, LOOK HERE

"Behold the place where they laid him."

MARK xvi. 6.

CON SPIRITO

Come, ye saints, look here and wonder, See the place where Jesus lay: He has burst his
 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder, See the place where Jesus lay: He has burst his
 bonds asunder; Death could not protract his stay: Joyful tidings! Joyful tidings!
 bonds asunder; Death could not protract his stay: Joyful tidings! Joyful tidings!
 Joyful tidings! Joyful tidings! Yes, the Lord is risen to day. Yes, the Lord is risen to day.
 Joyful tidings! Joyful tidings! Yes, the Lord is risen to day. Yes, the Lord is risen to day.

2
 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
 By his death he overcame:
 Thus the Lord his glory raises;
 Thus he fills his foes with shame:
 Sing ye praises!
 Praises to the victors name.

3
 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
 Come from heav'n to meet their king:
 Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
 They shall join his praise to sing.
 Yes, their praises
 Shall through heav'n's high arches ring.

FOR WHOM IS YONDER CROWN PREPAR'D.

11

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

"Endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

HEB. xii. 2.

ALLEGRO

2
Beneath the earth awhile he lies,
A pris'n'r with the dead:
A victor soon the Lord will rise,
And glory wreathes his head.

3
He saw the cross, despis'd its shame,
And bow'd beneath its weight;
For this he bears the greatest name,
And gains the highest seat.

6
Let saints on earth their tribute bring
And echo back the sound:
For he who saves them is the king
By hosts angelic crown'd.

4
To him shall ev'ry knee be bow'd:
His claim shall angels own:
Around the rising victor crowd,
And bear him to his throne.

5
Methinks I see the glorious king
By hosts angelic crown'd:
They shout, and heav'n's high arches ring
With the triumphant sound.

HARK, THE NOTES OF ANGELS SINGING.

"Worthy is the Lamb."

REV. v. 12.

MODERATO

Hark, the notes of an-gels singing— "Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!"

Hark, the notes of an-gels singing— "Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!"

All in heav'n their tri-bute bringing, Rais-ing high the Saviour's name.

All in heav'n their tri-bute bringing, Rais-ing high the Saviour's name.

2
Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3
Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Tho despis'd on earth and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.

6
Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name:
Glory, honour, power and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

4
See, th'angelic hosts have crown'd him,
Jesus fills the throne on high:
Countless myriads hov'ring round him,
With his praises rend the sky.

5
Fill'd with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above:
Sweet the theme— a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

Hymns
ON
Various Passages,
OF
SCRIPTURE,
Written & Composed
BY
Thomas Kelly.
No. 2

Ent. of Sta. Hall.

Price 3s.

LONDON,

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HARK, TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.

13

"Let all the angels of God worship him"

HEB. i. 6.

ALLEGRO

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove! Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re -

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove! Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re -

- joices: Je - sus reigns, the God of love: See, he fills yon azure throne! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

- joices: Je - sus reigns, the God of love: See, he fills yon azure throne! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

2
Well may angels bright and glorious,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While on earth, he prov'd victorious;
Now, he bears a matchless name:
Well may angels sing of him,
Heav'n supplies no richer tiarne.

3
Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round his throne;
Soon, we hope our Lord will raise us
To the place where he is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory, glory to our king.

4
Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How he bore the cross below;
How all pow'r to him is given;
How he reigns in glory now:
'Tis a great and endless theme:
O 'tis sweet to sing of him!

5
Jesus hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and makes it fair!
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy people here:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

6
King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destin'd to behold thy face.

7
Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day;
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing -
"Glory, glory to our king!"

KING OF KINGS.

"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

REV. xix. 16.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) and piano accompaniment (grand staff) are in E-flat major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!" These are great and awful words; 'Tis to Jesus

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) and piano accompaniment (grand staff) continue the melody. The lyrics are: they be long; Let his people raise their song, Let his people raise their song.

2
Hark, how angels sound his praise!
Fill'd with transport while they gaze:
Glory, honour, praise and power,
These are thine for evermore.

3
Crown him then whom angels sing!
Crown him everlasting king!
Jesus fills the throne above,
Jesus is the God of love.

4
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Heaven and earth thy name record:
Power and praise to thee belong.
Lord, accept our feeble song

8
While we still continue here,
Let this hope our spirits cheer.
Till in heaven thy face we see,
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

5
Rich in glory thou didst stoop:
This is now thy people's hope:
Thou wast poor, that they might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

6
When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess:
Joy, that thou could'st pity thus;
Shame, for such returns from us.

7
Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from earth be free;
Borne aloft, to heaven be brought,
There to praise thee as we ought.

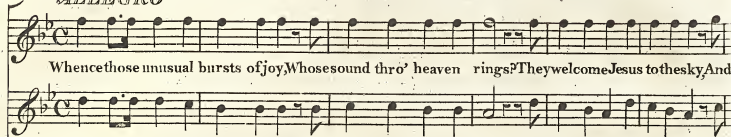
WIIENCE THOSE UNUSUAL BURSTS OF JOY

15

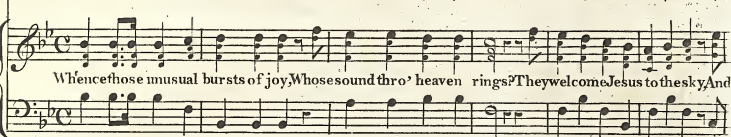
"And he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh, a name written King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

REV. xix. 16.

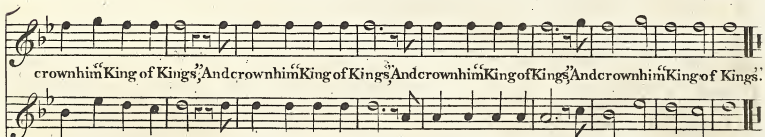
ALLEGRO



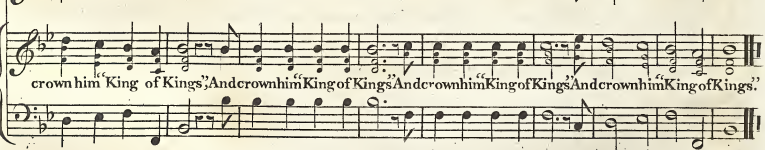
Whence those unusual bursts of joy, Whose sound thro' heaven rings? They welcome Jesus to the sky, And



Whence those unusual bursts of joy, Whose sound thro' heaven rings? They welcome Jesus to the sky, And



crown him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings."



crown him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings," And crown him "King of Kings."

2

At sight of him, yon seraphs bright

Exulting clap their wings;

They hail their Lord with new delight,

And crown him "King of Kings."

3

The brightest angel glory boasts,

To him his tribute brings

And join high heav'n's assembled hosts

To crown him "King of Kings."

4

Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,

Forget all earthly things,

Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,

And crown him "King of Kings."

5

While heav'n in honour of his name

With exultation sings,

His saints on earth will own his claim,

And crown him "King of Kings."

6

When here, he bore our sin and shame;

And thence our comfort springs;

'Tis meet we should exalt his name,

And crown him "King of Kings."

7

We hope ere long, beyond those clouds,

To tune celestial strings;

And join with heav'n's exulting crowds,

To crown him "King of Kings."

16 LOOK, YE SAINTS, THE SIGHT IS GLORIOUS.

"And he shall reign for ever and ever?"

REV. xi. 15.

ALLEGRO

Look ye saints, the sight is glorious, See "The man of sorrows" now:

Look ye saints, the sight is glorious, See "The man of sor- rows" now:

From the fight re- turn'd vic- to- rious: Ey- ry knee to him shall bow:

From the fight re- turn'd vic- to- rious: Ey- ry knee to him shall bow:

Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him: Crowns be come the vic- tor's brow.

Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him: Crowns be come the vic- tor's brow.

2

Crown the Saviour, angels crown him:
Rich the trophies that he brings:
In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him:
Crown the Saviour "King of Kings!"

3

Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him:
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him crown him:
"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

YE, WHO DWELL IN HEAV'N, DECLARE

"Who is this King of Glory?"

PSALM xxiv. 8.

Ye, who dwell in heav'n, declare Who 'The King of Glo-ry' is? Who is first and

highest there? Who is first and highest there? His the pow'r, the kingdom his?

2

'Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,
 Claims the title justly his:
 He it is that fills the throne:
 He "The King of Glory" is.

3

Blessed news! the Lamb is King:
 Glorious truth! he reigns alone:
 Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,
 Bow before the Saviour's throne.

4

Let the world deride his claim:
 Let the world refuse to bow:
 Angels triumph in his name;
 All in heav'n adore him now.

5

Jesus hail! whom angels sing;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain;
 Reign for ever, glorious King;
 Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

HARK, 'TIS THE TRUMPET'S SOUND!

THE DAY OF CHRIST

"For the trumpet shall sound."

1-COR. xv. 52.

Hark, 'tis the trumpet's sound! It closes earthly things: It echoes all a --

Hark, 'tis the trumpet's sound! It closes earthly things: It echoes all a --

round, And great the news it brings: It says that Je-sus is at hand, And

round, And great the news it brings: It says that Je-sus is at hand, And

bids the world be-fore him stand. And bids the world be-fore him stand.

bids the world be-fore him stand. And bids the world be-fore him stand.

2
The sound is heard afar;
It goes thro' sea and land:
And now—before his bar
Th'assembled nations stand:
His friends are mingled with his foes,
But who are his, the Saviour knows.

3
And now he calls his own
To dwell with him above;
To sit upon his throne,
And share his endless love:
With joy they meet him in the clouds,
And mix with heav'n's exulting crowds.

4
But oh, what storms await
The trembling crowds below!
Their pleas are now too late:
This is the time of woe:
The Judge decrees their final doom:
Their portion is "The wrath to come!"

5
O that, in that great day,
We may with those appear!
To whom the Lord will say—
Ye blessed, now come near;
To you eternal life is giv'n;
Draw near, and share the joys of heav'n.

THE TRUMP OF GOD.

19

*"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout,
with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."*

1 THESS. iv. 16.

The trump of God is heard on high; The shout of an-gels rend the sky: The shout of an-gels

The trump of God is heard on high; The shout of an-gels rend the sky: The shout of an-gels

rend the sky: 'Tis Jesus coming in the clouds, Attended by ex-ulting crouds, Attended by ex-ulting crouds.

rend the sky: 'Tis Jesus coming in the clouds, Attended by ex-ulting crouds, Attended by ex-ulting crouds.

2
How glorious is the Saviour now,
While many crowns adorn his brow
Upon his vesture mark the words —
"The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords"

3
The final day at length is come,
And sinners now must hear their doom:
What horror fills the trembling heart —
While Jesus speaks the words "Depart!"

4
In vain upon the rocks they call
To hide, or crush them by their fall;
To them ev'n death no help can give,
Whom God in justice dooms to live.

5
But O what transport fills their hearts,
To whom he thus his will impart! —
"The kingdom take, your blest reward,
"For you before the world prepared."

6
This is the people, who on earth
Were subjects for the worldling's mirth;
But lo! the Saviour owns their name,
And fills their enemies with shame.

7
O may I now with those appear
Who dare confess the Saviour here!
So shall my happy portion be,
Jesus will then acknowledge me.

FROM FAR I SEE.

"But he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed"

ISAIAH. lxvi. 6.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 7/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both the right and left hands. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

From far I see the glorious day, When he who bore our sins a-way, Will all his ma-jes-
 From far I see the glorious day, When he who bore our sins a-way, Will all his ma-jes-
 -ty dis-play, Will all his ma-jes-ty dis-play, Will all his ma-jes-ty dis-play.
 -ty dis-play, Will all his ma-jes-ty dis-play, Will all his ma-jes-ty dis-play.

2

"A man of sorrows" once he was;
 No friend was found to plead his cause,
 For all prefer'd the world's applause.

3

He groan'd beneath sin's awful load:
 For in the sinner's place he stood,
 And died to bring him back to God.

4

But now he reigns with glory crown'd,
 While angel-hosts his throne surround,
 And still his lofty praises sound.

8

Come then, come quickly from above,
 My soul, impatient, longs to prove
 The depths of everlasting love.

5

To few on earth his name is dear:
 And they who in his cause appear,
 The world's reproach and scorn must bear.

6

But yet there is a day to come,
 When he will seal the sinner's doom,
 And take his mourning people home!

7

Jesus, thy name is all my boast;
 And tho' by waves of trouble tost,
 Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.

FLY, YE SEASONS, FLY STILL FASTER.

21

"Even so, come Lord Jesus."

REV. xii. 20.

ANDANTE

Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster: Let the glorious day come on, When we shall behold our master

Seated on his heavenly throne, When the Saviour, When the Saviour Shall descend to claim his own.

2.

What is earth, with all its treasures,
To the joy the gospel brings?
Well may we resign its pleasures,
Jesus gives us better things:
All his people
Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.

3

But if here we taste of pleasure,
What will heav'n itself afford?
There our joy will know no measure:
There we shall behold our Lord
There his people
Shall obtain their bright reward.

4

Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster;
Swiftly bring the glorious day:
Jesus come, our Lord, our Master!
Come from heav'n without delay;
Take thy people,
Take, O take them hence away.

NOTHING KNOW WE OF THE SEASON.

"But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

1 THESS. iv. 5.

MODERATO

Nothing know we of the season When the world shall pass a way: But we know, the
 saints have rea-son To ex-pect a glorious day: When the Sa-viour will return,
 And his peo-ple cease to mourn, And his peo-ple cease to mourn.

2

While a careless world is sleeping —
 Then it is the day will come:
 Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping:
 Sinners shall receive their doom:
 But the people of the Lord,
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

3

O what sacred joys await them!
 They shall see the Saviour then:
 Those who now oppose and hate them,
 Never can oppose again:
 Brethren, let us think of this:
 All is ours if we are his.

4

Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep;
 Let our lamps be always burning:
 Let us watch while others sleep:
 We're no longer of the night:
 We are children of the light.

5

Being of the favour'd number,
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
 Nothing should be left undone:
 This should be his people's aim;
 Still to glorify his name.

JESUS IS THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

23

CHRIST A SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

PSALM. xxiii. 1.

ANDANTE

JESUS is the Lord my Shepherd, Then let fear be far a way, From the lion, and the leopard,

And from ev'ry beast of prey, He will guard his help-less sheep; Jesus loves his own to keep.

2
When the foe desired to have me,
Jesus said "This sheep is mine,"
And resign'd his life to save me.
Jesus, what a love is thine!
All-victorious in its course,
Nothing can withstand its force.

3
In the path of life he leads me,
By the stream that gently flows;
In the verdant pastures feeds me,
Where no plant injurious grows.
There I hear the Shepherd's voice;
There he bids my soul rejoice.

4
When thro' death's dark valley going;
Fearful tho' the way appear,
I will dread no evil, knowing —
Thou, my Shepherd, still art near.
When I see thy rod and staff,
Then I know thy sheep is safe.

JESUS THE SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP!

"I am the good Shepherd."

JOHN. x. 10.

ANDANTE

JESUS the Shep-herd of the sheep! Thy "Lit-tle flock" in safe-ty keep! The

JESUS the Shep-herd of the sheep! Thy "Lit-tle flock" in safe-ty keep! The

flock for which thou can'st from heav'n! The flock for which thy life was giv'n!

flock for which thou can'st from heav'n! The flock for which thy life was giv'n!

2

Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee;
Secure as if from danger free;
Thy love did all their wand'ings trace,
And bring them to "A wealthy place?"

3

O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old;
Let none be feeble in thy fold.

4

Secure them from the scorching beam!
And lead them to the living stream:
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.

5

O may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice!
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee!

6

Lord bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete!
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

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SCRIPTURE,
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ZION IS JEHOVAH'S DWELLING.

THE CHURCH OF GOD

"For the Lord hath chosen Zion, he hath desired it for his habitation."

25

PSALM cxxxii. 13.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final chord. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ZION is Je - hovah's dwelling; There "The King of Kings" appears: Her's is glo - ry.

ZION is Je - hovah's dwelling; There "The King of Kings" appears: Her's is glo - ry.

far excel - ling All the worldling sees or hears. Zion's walls are e - ver - lasting; Form'd thro' end - less

far excel - ling All the worldling sees or hears. Zion's walls are e - ver - lasting; Form'd thro' end - less

years to shine; Strength and beauty ne - ver - wasting, Shew their o - ri - gin di - vine.

years to shine; Strength and beauty ne - ver - wasting, Shew their o - ri - gin di - vine.

2
Zion claims peculiar honour;
High distinction marks her lot;
Light eternal shines upon her;
Her's a sun that faileth not.
Zion's city hath foundations;
God himself has rais'd her walls;
She survives the wreck of nations;
Zion stands whatever falls.

3
Happy they who now discerning
Zion's glory, thither move!
Earth with all its honours spurning;
Zion is the place they love.
There the Lord his face disclosing,
Fills his people's hearts with joy;
While, from all their toils releasing,
Bliss is theirs without alloy.

4
Brethren, let the prospect cheer us;
Fair the lot that's cast for us.
When we call, our God will hear us;
Happy who are favour'd thus.
Let the timid fear no longer:
What tho' earth and hell oppose!
He who pleads our cause is stronger;
Stronger far than all our foes.

SEE THAT MOUNTAIN HIGH EXALTED

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house, shall be exalted in the top of the mountains, and be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

ISAIAH. ii. 2.

MODERATO

See that mountain high exalt-ed; 'Tis the mountain of the Lord: Much expos'd and
oft assault-ed; Lov'd of God, by man ab-hor'd; Now it stands a - - bove the hills:
Now its destin'd place it fills, Now its des-tin'd place it fills.

2

O ye mountains, strong and tow'ring,
Boast no more, nor triumph now:
Zion's head sublimely soaring,
Leaves your summits far below:
Know ye, this is God's own hill:
Here Jehovah loves to dwell.

3

Hark, a cry among the nations!
"Come, and let us seek the Lord:
"Vain our former expectations;
"Vain the idols we ador'd:
"Zion's King is God alone:
"Let us bow before his throne."

4

See from ev'ry quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round:
Love in ev'ry heart is glowing;
Praise is heard in ev'ry sound.
While Jehovah shews his face;
Glory fills the sacred place.

5

Weapons meant for mutual slaughter,
Now are instruments of peace.
They who taste the living water,
Learn from war and strife to cease.
Jesus reigns—the earth is still,
All the nations do his will.

GRACIOUS LORD, MY HEART IS FIXED.

27

PRAISE

"O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise."

MODERATO

PSALM cxviii. 1.

Gracious Lord, my heart is fix-ed, Sing I will, and sing of thee:

Gracious Lord, my heart is fix-ed, Sing I will, and sing of thee:

Sincethe cup that justice mixed, Thou hast drank, and drank for me: Great de-liv-er!

Sincethe cup that justice mixed, Thou hast drank, and drank for me: Great de-liv-er!

Great de-liv-er! Great de-liv-er! Great de-liv-er! Thou hast set the prisner free.

Great de-liv-er! Great de-liv-er! Great de-liv-er! Thou hast set the prisner free.

2
Lute and harp, awake to praise him!
All my pow'rs your tribute bring!
Tho' no praise can higher raise him,
(What can higher raise our King?)
Were I silent,
Ev'n the stones wou'd rise and sing.

3
Many were the chains that bound me;
But the Lord has loos'd them all:
Arms of mercy now surround me:
Favours these, nor few nor small;
Saviour keep me:
Keep thy servant lest he fall.

4
Fair the scene that lies before me:
Life eternal Jesus gives:
While he waves his banner o'er me,
Peace and joy my soul receives:
Sure his promise!
I shall live because he lives.

5
When the world would bid me leave thee
Telling me of shame and loss:
Saviour, guard me lest I grieve thee,
Lest I cease to love thy cross:
This is treasure:
All the rest I count but dross.

YE SAINTS, COME AND JOIN

"Worthy is the Lamb."

REV. v. 12.

Ye saints, come and join in the praise of the Lamb, The theme inexhausted of angels above! They dwell with delight on the sound of his name; And gaze on his glory with rapture and love.

2

See, see to what honours the Saviour is rais'd;
 He sits on a throne, 'tis the throne of the sky.
 Come let us adore him who ought to be prais'd
 And learn with the angels in glory to vie.

3

They sing of the Lamb who to save us was slain;
 We'll take up the theme which we cannot improve;
 And "Worthy the Lamb" cry again and again,
 Till our hearts are inflam'd with the fire of his love.

4

All glory to Jesus, who sits on the throne;
 Let angels and saints spread the sound of his fame.
 We bow to the Lamb, who is worthy alone;
 And give him the praise that belongs to his name.

AWAKE OUR SOULS!

"O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise, even with my glory."

PSALM cxvii. 1.

A - wake our souls! a wake our tongues! The subject is di - vine: A Saviour's love de -

A - wake our souls! a wake our tongues! The subject is di - vine: A Saviour's love de -

mands our songs: Let all his people join, Let all his people join, Let all his people join.

mands our songs: Let all his people join, Let all his people join, Let all his people join.

2
This Saviour is the mighty God,
Who fills the throne above:
Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
And thus declar'd his love.

3
Jesus, thy love exceeds our thought,
But this we're giv'n to see;
The soul that feels its pow'r is taught
To part with all for thee.

4
And tho' thy love be faintly seen,
What's seen demands our praise;
Without this view we still had been
Engag'd in folly's ways.

5
But when we lay this flesh aside,
And gain the realms of light,
Obscuring clouds no more shall hide
Thy glory from our sight.

6
Then to the praise of love divine,
We'll strike our golden lyres;
With heart and voice we'll sweetly join
The everlasting choirs.

ENDLESS PRAISES

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, &c."

REV. iv. 11.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in common time (C) and consists of two systems. The first system contains the lyrics 'Endless praises Endless praises To our Lord! E-ver'. The second system contains the lyrics 'be his name a--dor'd! E--ver be his name a--dor'd!'. The music features a melody in the Soprano part and accompaniment in the Alto and Bass parts. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Endless praises Endless praises To our Lord! E-ver

be his name a--dor'd! E--ver be his name a--dor'd!

2

Angels crown him,
Crown the Lamb!
He is worthy—praise his name.

3

Saints adore him,
Sound his fame
You he saves from endless shame.

4

Saints and angels,
Jointly sing:
Glory, glory to our King!

ARISE, YE SAINTS, ARISE

STATE OF BELIEVERS, A WARFARE.

"He teacheth my hands to war."

PSALM xlviii. 34.

ALLEGRO

A - rise, ye saints, a - rise: The Lord our leader is; The foe be - fore his

A - rise, ye saints, a - rise: The Lord our leader is; The foe be - fore his

banner flies: For vic - to - ry is his, For vic - to - ry is his.

banner flies: For vic - to - ry is his, For vic - to - ry is his.

2

Behold! he leads the way:
We'll follow where he goes:
We cannot fail to win the day,
Since he subdues our foes.

3

Lead on, Almighty Lord:
Lead on to victory:
Encourag'd by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow thee.

4

We'll follow thee our guide,
Our Saviour and our King:
We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
From heav'n's eternal spring.

5

We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

6

This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
'Till faith shall end in sight.

7

'Till of the prize possess,
We hear of war no more;
And, O sweet thought! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY HERE

STATE OF BELIEVERS, A PILGRIMAGE.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

HEB. xiii. 14.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "We've no a-bi-ding ci-t-y here; This may dis-tress the worldlings' mind; But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a better rest to find. Who hopes a bet-ter rest to find, Who hopes a bet-ter rest to find."

2
 "We've no abiding city here,"
 Sad truth were this to be our home
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 "We seek a city yet to come!"

3
 "We've no abiding city here;"
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear;
 But let us haste from all below.

4
 "We've no abiding city here,"
 We seek a city out of sight:
 Zion its name,—the LORD is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

5
 "We've no abiding city here,"
 Methinks I hear the worldling say,
 "Your hope is vain, ye fools, forbear,
 "For pleasure lies another way."

6
 No wonder men should reason thus,
 And count our expectations vain;
 But did they know the truth like us,
 They'd soon adopt a different strain.

7
 Did they like us by faith discern
 The glorious city of our God,
 They too like us, would quickly learn
 To walk in Zion's heavenly road.

8
 Zion! JEHOVAH is her strength!
 Secure she smiles at all her foes;
 And weary travelers at length,
 Within her sacred wall repose.

9
 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
 Had I the pinions of the dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

10
 But hush, my soul nor dare repine!
 The time my God appoints is best:
 While here, to do his will be *mine*;
 And *his* to fix my time of rest.

FROM EGYPT LATELY COME

33

"For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."

HEB. xi. 4.

From Egypt lately come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our
 From Egypt lately come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our
 better home, Where we our rest shall gain, Where we our rest shall gain. Halle-lujah!
 better home, Where we our rest shall gain, Where we our rest shall gain. Halle-lujah!
 Hallelujah! Hal-le-lujah! We are on our way to God. We are on our way to God.
 Hallelujah! Hal-le-lujah! We are on our way to God. We are on our way to God.

2
 To canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy;
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

3
 There sin and sorrow cease;
 And every conflict's o'er;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

4
 But hark those distant sounds
 That strike our listning ears?
 They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
 Where God our King appears.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

5
 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is King
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

6
 We soon shall join the throng,
 Their pleasures we shall share;
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransom'd there.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

7
 How sweet the prospect is!
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast:
 We're journeying thro' the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

WHY THOSE FEARS?

STATE OF BELIEVERS, A VOYAGE.

"What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him."

ANDANTE

Why those fears? be-hold 'tis Je-sus Holds the helm, and guides the ship:

Why those fears? be-hold 'tis Je-sus Holds the helm, and guides the ship:

Spread the sails, and catch the breezes Sent to waft us through the deep,

Spread the sails, and catch the breezes Sent to waft us through the deep,

To the regions To the regions Where the mourn-ers cease to weep.

To the regions To the regions Where the mourn-ers cease to weep.

2
Could we stay where death was hovering;
Could we rest on such a shore?
No, the awful truth discovering,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we lov'd before.

3
Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.

4
Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storms defy:
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey him
And the storms before him fly.

5
Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste:
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and danger past.

6
O! what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar:
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble cease
On that tranquil happy shore.

METHINKS I STAND UPON THE ROCK

A STATE OF JOYFUL HOPE.

"For from the top of the rocks I behold him"

NUMB. xxiii. 9.

35

Methinks I stand up on the rock Where Balaam stood, and wondring look Upon the scene be-
low; The tents of Jacob goodly seem; The people happy I esteem, Whom God has favour'd so.

Methinks I stand up on the rock Where Balaam stood, and wondring look Upon the scene be-
low; The tents of Jacob goodly seem; The people happy I esteem, Whom God has favour'd so.

2
The sons of Israel stand alone,
Jehovah claims them for his own;
His cause and their's the same:
He sav'd them from the tyrants hand;
Allots to them a pleasant land,
And calls them by his name.

3
Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
And soon they're destin'd to repose
Within the promis'd land;
Evn now its rising hills are seen,
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
Where Israel soon shall stand.

4
O! Israel, who is like to thee?
A people sav'd, and call'd to be
Peculiar to the Lord!
Thy Shield! he guards thee from the foe;
Thy Sword! he fights thy battles too;
Himself thy great reward!

5
Fear not, tho' many should oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
And makes thy cause his own:
The promis'd land before thee lies,
Go, and possess the glorious prize,
Reserv'd for thee alone.

6
In glory there the King appears,
He wipes away his peoples tears,
And makes their sorrows cease:
From toil and strife they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
In everlasting peace.

7
Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possess,
Beyond material space!
Methinks I see the heav'nly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more;
And long to reach the place.

8
Nor shall I always absent be
From him my soul desires to see,
Within the realms of light
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud will then conceal
His glory from my sight.

9
Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise,
It lifts a worm of earth on high;
Provides him wings, and makes him fly
To mansions in the skies.

HAPPY THEY WHO TRUST IN JESUS!

A STATE OF SECURITY.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

PSALM xc. 1.

MODERATO

Happy they who trust in Jesus! Sweet their portion is and sure; While the foe on others seizes,

Happy they who trust in Jesus! Sweet their portion is and sure; While the foe on others seizes,

God will keep his own secure; Happy people! Happy people! Happy, tho' des-pis'd and poor.

God will keep his own secure; Happy people! Happy people! Happy, tho' des-pis'd and poor.

2

Ye whom God has sav'd from error,
 Ye, "Who know the joyful sound,"
 Fear ye not the nightly terror;
 Arms of mercy close you round.
 Dread no evil!
 God will all your foes confound.

3

Since his love and mercy found you,
 You are precious in his sight:
 Thousands now may fall around you,
 Thousands more be put to flight:
 But his presence
 Keeps you safe by day and night.

4

Lo! your Saviour never slumbers:
 Ever watchful is his care:
 Tho' you cannot boast of numbers,
 In his strength secure you are:
 Sweet their portion,
 Who our Saviours kindness share.

5

As the bird beneath her feathers
 Guards the objects of her care,
 So the Lord his children gathers,
 Spreads his wings, and hides them there:
 Thus protected,
 All their foes they boldly dare.

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WHY SHOUL'D BELIEVERS, WHEN THEY MEET

CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another."

MALACHI iii. 16.

MODERATO

Why should believers, when they meet, Not speak of Christ the king they own, Who gives them

Why should believers, when they meet, Not speak of Christ the king they own, Who gives them

hope that they shall sit With him for ever on his throne? With him for ever on his throne?

hope that they shall sit With him for ever on his throne? With him for e-ver on his throne?

2
Is any other name so great
As his who bore the sinner's load?
Is any subject half so sweet,
So various as the love of God?

3
'Tis this that charms reluctant man,
That makes his opposition cease:
Beholding love's amazing plan,
He drops his arms, and sues for peace:

4
'Twas so with us, we once were foes,
Were foes to him who gave us breath;
But he whose mercy freely flows
Has sav'd us from eternal death.

5
We look with hope to that great day.
When Jesus will with clouds appear:
A sight of him will well repay
Our labours and our sorrows here.

6
Of him then let us speak and sing,
Whose glory we expect to share:
In heav'n we shall behold our king,
And yield a nobler tribute there.

FAR FROM US BE GRIEF AND SADNESS:

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and wine increased."

PSALM 126.

MODERATO

Far from us be grief and sadness: Far-ther still un-hallow'd mirth:

Zi-on's sons may sing with glad-ness, Theirs are joys of heav'nly birth

Je-sus owns them: Je-sus owns them: He is Lord of heav'n and earth.

2
All the worldling's mirth is madness,
All his labour fruitless toil:
'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
Tho' the world their choice revile:
Sweet their portion!
Life is in the Saviour's smile.

3
Worlds wou'd seem as nothing to us,
Balanc'd with a Saviour's love:
Since the Lord is mercy drew us,
Drew our souls to things above,
Earthly objects
Can no longer greatly move

4
Once the world was all our treasure:
Then the world our hearts possess'd:
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us blest;
We can witness,
Jesus gives his people rest.

SWEET SOUNDS OF GRACE

39

THE GOSPEL

"Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound."

PSALM lxxxix. 16.

ANDANTE

Sweet sounds of grace are heard abroad; The sinner is surpriz'd and charm'd: He

Sweet sounds of grace are heard a-broad; The sinner is surpriz'd and charm'd: He

feels the conqu'ring pow'r of God; He feels it and is straight disarm'd.

feels the conqu'ring pow'r of God; He feels it and is straight disarm'd

2

Till now to vain desire a prey;
Nor peace nor pleasure could he find:
But see, old things are past away!
New objects occupy his mind.

3

A Saviour's love, a Saviour's death,
(Fit themes for sinful man to hear,)
Not heard before, or not in faith;
Now captivate his listening ear.

4

The world no longer keeps his heart:
His chains dissolve before the cross:
His choice is now the better part;
And former gain appears but loss.

5

'Tis thus the gospel wins its way:
It brings good tidings to the poor
The sinner who has nought to pay,
Is welcome to its richest store.

THE GOSPEL COMES WITH WELCOME NEWS

"Sinners, of whom I am chief."

1 TIM. 1. 15.

The gos-pel comes with welcome news To sin-ners lost like me: Their

va-rious schemes let o--thers chuse; Sa-vi-our I come to thee!

2

Of sinners sure I am the chief,
But grace is rich and free.
This welcome truth affords relief
To *sinners*, ev'n to me.

3

Of merit now let others speak,
But merit I have none;
For merit tis in vain to seek:
I'm sav'd by grace alone.

4

'Twas grace my wayward heart first won;
'Tis grace that holds me fast:
Grace will compleat the work begun
And save me to the last.

5

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
What God has done for me;
And celebrate redeeming grace,
Throughout eternity.

SEE, FROM ZION'S SACRED MOUNTAIN

41

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."

MODERATO

ZECH. xiii. 1.

See from Zi-on's sacred mountain, Streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow:

God has o-pen'd there a fountain; This sup-plies the plains be-low:

They are blessed, They are blessed, Who its sov'reign vir-tues know.

2
Thro' ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O, ye nations!
Hail the long expected day.

3
Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes:
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose,
Ev'ry object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4
Trees of life the bank adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,
Pleasure comes and hopes abound:
Fair their portion!
Endless life with glory crown'd.

WELCOME NEWS THE GOSPEL BRINGS

"And the truth shall make you free."

JOHN viii. 32.

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding vocal lines. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system contains the next two lines. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Welcome news the gospel brings: Welcome news from heav'n above: Tidings from the
 Welcome news the gospel brings: Welcome news from heav'n above: Tidings from the
 King of Kings: Tidings from the King of Kings: Tidings full of grace and love!
 King of Kings: Tidings from the King of Kings: Tidings full of grace and love!

2
 O, ye sons of men give ear!
 Listen to "The joyful sound!"
 Better news ye cannot hear:
 In the gospel truth is found.

3
 Truth, that makes the simple wise:
 Truth, on which the hungry feed:
 Truth, the minister of joys:
 Truth that makes us free indeed.

4
 Welcome news the gospel brings:
 Welcome to the poor and vile:
 Gladden'd by these glorious things,
 Guilt and poverty may smile.

SEE THE WILDERNESS REJOICES

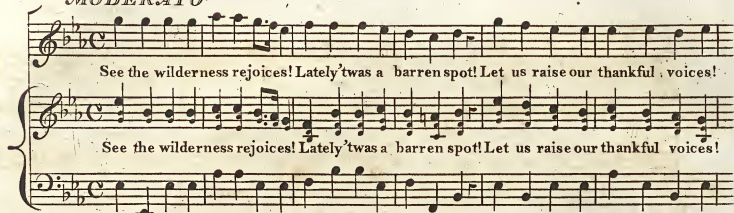
43

EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL.

"And the desert shall rejoice."

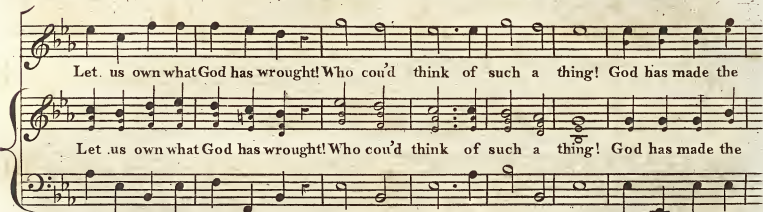
ISAIAH xxxv. 1.

MODERATO



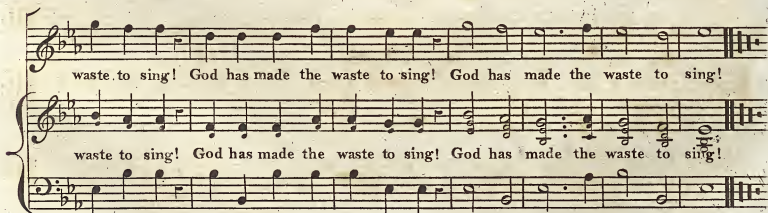
See the wilderness rejoices! Lately 'twas a barren spot! Let us raise our thankful voices!

See the wilderness rejoices! Lately 'twas a barren spot! Let us raise our thankful voices!



Let us own what God has wrought! Who could think of such a thing! God has made the

Let us own what God has wrought! Who could think of such a thing! God has made the



waste to sing! God has made the waste to sing! God has made the waste to sing!

waste to sing! God has made the waste to sing! God has made the waste to sing!

2
Here where nought but thorns and briers,
Lately grew and wildly spread,
Lo the Cedar now aspires!
Lo the Cypress lifts its head!
Lord we own the work divine!
All the glory Lord be thine!

3
See the trees thine hand has planted,
Watch them with a constant care:
O let our request be granted!
Make them fruitful, make them fair;
Keep, O keep them still in view
Let them live and flourish too!

4
Further Lord, 'tis our desire,
(Turn not thou away thine ear)
Root out every thorn and brier;
In their place let *trees* appear:
Thus from plants injurious freed,
Shall the desert smile indeed.

BOUNDLESS GLORY

"To turn them from darkness to light."

ACTS xxvi. 13.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a range of one octave. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has three staves, and the second system also has three staves. The lyrics are: 'Boundless glory, Lord, be thine! Thou hast made the dark-ness shine: Thou hast sent a cheer-ing ray; Thou hast turn'd our night to day.'

2
Hither is the Gospel come;
'Tis "the pow'r of God" to come:
O let such in praise unite,
To the Lord that gives them light.

3
Darkness long involv'd us round;
Till we knew "the joyful sound;"
Then our darkness fled away,
Chas'd by truth's celestial ray.

4
They are bless'd, and none beside;
They who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.

5
Ye who walk this heav'nly road,
Hasting to the saint's abode:
See how bright it shines above!
There appears the God of love.

6
Soon your stronger sight will bear,
To behold that glory near;
Light that *now* wou'd but destroy,
Then will yield sublimest joy.

AND ART THOU GRACIOUS MASTER GONE,

45

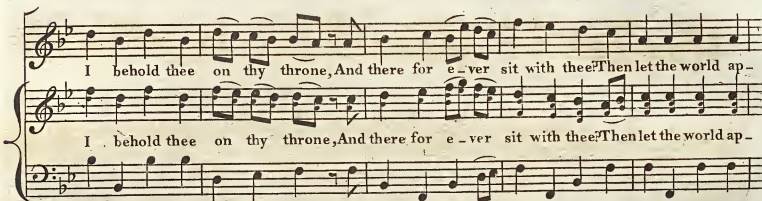
REPROACH OF THE CROSS.

"I go to prepare a place for you"

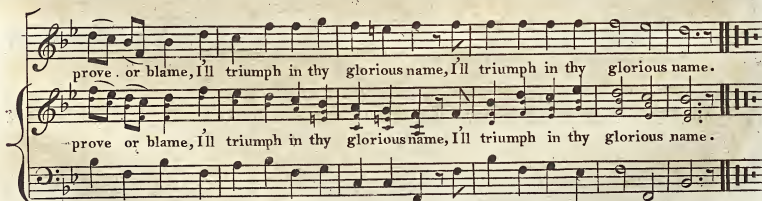
JOHN xiv. 2.



And art thou gracious master gone, A mansion to pre-pare for me? Shall
And art thou gracious master gone, A mansion to pre-pare for me? Shall



I behold thee on thy throne, And there for e-ver sit with thee? Then let the world ap-
I behold thee on thy throne, And there for e-ver sit with thee? Then let the world ap-



prove or blame, I'll triumph in thy glorious name, I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
prove or blame, I'll triumph in thy glorious name, I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2
Shou'd I to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause
And make thy people's lot my own;
What shame would fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory wilt display!

3
And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him not
Thro' fear of such a one shall I
The Lord of Heav'n and Earth deny?

4
No! let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if they will:
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still.
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.

5
What transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own;
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

AWAY! THOU DYING SAINT, AWAY! DEATH OF BELIEVERS.

"And the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

ECCLES. xii. 7.

ANDANTE

A-way! thou dying saint, a-way! Fly to the mansions of the blest. Thy God no more re-quires thy stay: Thy God no more requires thy stay He calls thee to e - - ternal rest.

2

Thy toils at length have reach'd a close;
No more remains for thee to do:
Away, away to thy repose,
Beyond the reach of sin and woe.

3

Away to yonder realms of light,
Where multitudes redeem'd with blood,
Enjoy the beatific sight,
And dwell for ever with their God.

4

Go, mix with them, and share their joy:
In heav'n behold the sinner's friend:
In pleasures share that never cloy:
In pleasures that will never end.

5

And may our happy portion be,
To join thee in the realms above:
The glory of our Lord to see,
And sing his everlasting love.

WHAT IS LIFE? 'TIS BUT A VAPOUR;

47

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour."

JAMES iv. 14.

ANDANTE

What is life? tis but a vapour; Soon it vanishes away: Life is like a dying

ALLEGRO

ta-per: O my soul, why wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly, Straight to yonder

world of joy? Straight to yonder world of joy? Straight to yonder world of joy?

2
See that glory: how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints.
There in majesty transcendent
Jesus reigns, the king of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3
Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love:
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4
Go, and share his people's glory:
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:
Thine a joyful, wondrous story:
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

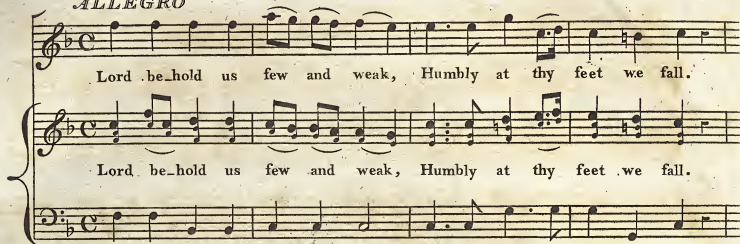
LORD BEHOLD US FEW AND WEAK,

PETITION FOR THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

"Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate saith the Lord."

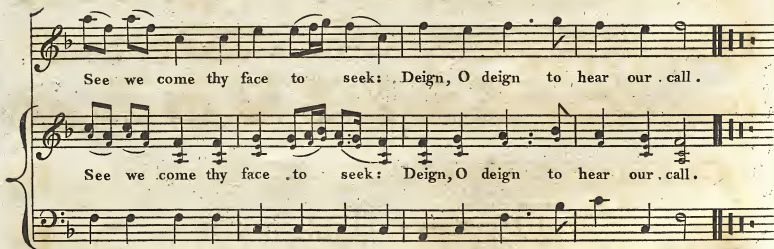
2 COR. vi. 17.

ALLEGRO



Lord be-hold us few and weak, Humbly at thy feet we fall.

Lord be-hold us few and weak, Humbly at thy feet we fall.



See we come thy face to seek: Deign, O deign to hear our call.

See we come thy face to seek: Deign, O deign to hear our call.

2

When we lay in sin and death,
Thou didst pass and bid us live;
Thou didst give thy people faith:
Thou didst all our sin forgive.

3

Jesus thou didst shed thy blood:
On this rock our hope we raise:
Thou hast brought us nigh to God:
Thine the work and thine the praise.

4

'Tis thy will that we shou'd be
Separate from all around;
Let our will with 'thine agree;
Let thy people thus be found.

5

Teach us Lord to walk with thee;
Teach us to adorn thy cause;
Let us live in unity:
Hating pride and self-applause!

6

Let us bear each other's load!
Faithful to each other prove!
Till we gain the saint's abode;
Till we take our place above.

7

There we see without a cloud;
There without fatigue to sing;
Mix with heav'n's triumphant crowd,
And for ever praise our King.

Hymns
ON
Various Passages,
OF
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AT THE COURT OF THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TWO

THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY

1772

THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY
1772

THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY
1772

THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY
1772

THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY
1772

MAY THE POW'R THAT BRINGS SALVATION,

FOR A BLESSING ON THE WORD.

"For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in pow'r."

1 THESS. i. 5.

May the pow'r that brings sal-vation, Now ex-ert-ed in the word

May the pow'r that brings sal-vation, Now ex-ert-ed in the word

By its' quick'ning o-per-a-tion, Life im-part and joy af-ford!

By its' quick'ning o-per-a-tion, Life im-part and joy af-ford!

Life to sin-ners: Life to sinners: Joy to those who know the Lord!

Life to sin-ners: Life to sinners: Joy to those who know the Lord!

2

Hark the voice of love proclaiming,

Mercy thro' a Saviour's blood!

Vain the schemes of human framing:

This alone is own'd of God.

'Tis the gospel,

Points to heav'n and shews the road.

SINNERS WE BUT SINNERS SAVED, FOR A REVIVAL

"Let all that are round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared."

PSALM lxxvi. 11.

Sinners we but sinners saved, (Praise to sov'reign grace a lone!) Now approach thee,

Sinners we but sinners saved, (Praise to sov'reign grace a lone!) Now approach thee,

Son of David, Thee who fill'st the heav'nly throne When we turn our eyes around us, Thousands perish—

Son of David, Thee who fill'st the heav'nly throne When we turn our eyes around us, Thousands perish—

ing we see; Thou who break'st the chains that bound us, Set our friends and neighbours free

ing we see; Thou who break'st the chains that bound us, Set our friends and neighbours free

2
Tho' we can't but fear for many :
So unthinking they appear
Why should we despair of any,
While we know what once *we* were?
Bound with twice ten thousand fetters,
Thou hast set thy servants free:
Sure there's none can greater debtors
Be to Sov'reign grace than we.

3
What thou hast for us effected,
Shews us what thy pow'r can do:
We whom grace has thus selected.
Would have others saved too.
Thoughtless sinners Lord awaken,
Let them see their fearful state;
Lest their souls be snar'd and taken;
And they mourn at length too late.

4
Grant thy people too a blessing,
Lord revive thy work in them:
Peace and joy thee possessing,
Let them glorify thy name.
Still of thee their master learning,
Let them grow in mutual love;
And the world their grace discerning,
Own the power from above.

SAV'D OURSELVES BY JESU'S BLOOD,

51

"The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind."

PSALM cxlvi. 8.

SLOW

Sav'd ourselves by Jesu's blood, Let us now draw nigh to God; Many round us blindly stray:

Sav'd ourselves by Jesu's blood, Let us now draw nigh to God; Many round us blindly stray:

Mov'd with pity let us pray; Pray that those who now are blind Soon the way of truth may find.

Mov'd with pity let us pray; Pray that those who now are blind Soon the way of truth may find.

2

Lord awaken all around;
Let them know the joyful sound:
Slaves to Satan heretofore,
Let them now be slaves no more:
Lord we turn our eyes to thee:
Set the captive sinner free.

3

Glorious things of thee are told;
What thine arm has wrought of old;
Thousands once its pow'r confess'd;
O for seasons like the past!
Lord revive the former days,
Thine the pow'r, and thine the praise.

THE DAY OF REST

LORD'S DAY.

*"Make thee two silver trumpets — that thou mayest
"use them for the calling of the assemblies."*

NUMB. x. 2.

SLOW

The day of rest once more comes round, A day to all be - lei - vers

dear: The sil - ver trumpets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Is - ra'el near. Ye

dear: The sil - ver trumpets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Is - ra'el near. Ye

people all O - bey the call; And in JE - HO - VAH's Courts ap - pear.

people all O - bey the call; And in JE - HO - VAH's Courts ap - pear.

2

Obedient to thy summons Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home.
Of thee our King
O may we sing;
And none with such a theme be dumb!

105

3

O hasten Lord the day when those,
Who know thee here shall see thy face:
When suffering shall for ever close
And they shall reach their destin'd place.
Then shall they rest,
Supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

SWEET DAY OF REST!

53

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God!"

HEB. iv. 9.

Sweet day of rest! for thee I'd wait, Emblem and earnest of a state. Where
Sweet day of rest! for thee I'd wait, Emblem and earnest of a state. Where

Saints are ful-ly blest! For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh! I'd count the days 'till
Saints are ful-ly blest! For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh! I'd count the days 'till

thou art nigh, Sweet day of sa-cred rest. Sweet day of sa-cred rest.
thou art nigh, Sweet day of sa-cred rest. Sweet day of sa-cred rest.

2
But oft (with shame I will confess)
My privilege my burden is.
No joy, alas! have I;
When I wou'd take my harp and sing,
I find it oft' without a string,
And lay it coldly by.

3
But while I thus confess my shame,
'Tis right that I should praise *his* name,
Who makes me sometimes sing,
Yes Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise)
My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
And triumph in my King.

4
O let the case be always so;
My song no interruption know,
'Till death shall seal my tongue,
In Heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise;
And rest from ev'ry thing but praise,
My Heav'n an endless song.

GIVE US ROOM THAT WE MAY DWELL

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

"Then thou shalt say in thine heart, who hath begotten me these?"

ISAIAH xlix. 21.

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

"Give us room that we may dwell" Zi-on's children cry a-loud:
 "Give us room that we may dwell" Zi-on's children cry a-loud:
 See their numbers how they swell, How they gather like a cloud: Go and tell the
 See their numbers how they swell, How they gather like a cloud: Go and tell the
 joy-ful sto-ry: Tis the day of Zion's glo-ry. Tis the day of Zion's glo-ry.
 joy-ful sto-ry: Tis the day of Zion's glo-ry. Tis the day of Zion's glo-ry.

2
 O how bright the morning seems!
 Brighter from so dark a night:
 Zion is like one that dreams,
 Fill'd with wonder and delight:
 Zion's night of grief is ended;
 Zion of her God befriended.

3
 Zion now arise and shine;
 Lo! thy light from Heav'n is come:
 These that crowd from far are thine;
 Give thy sons and daughters room:
 Sorrow from thy cup is taken:
 Thou shalt be no more forsaken.

4
 Lo! thy sun goes down no more;
 God himself will be thy light:
 All that caus'd thee grief before,
 Buried lies in endless night.
 Earthly pomp is short and wasting;
 Thine is glory everlasting.

O 'TIS A SOUND SHOULD FILL THE WORLD!

55

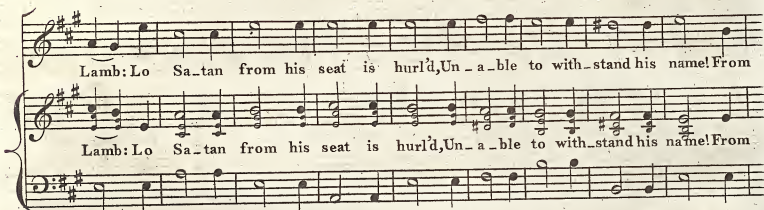
"Let the earth hear"

ISAIAH xxxiv.1.



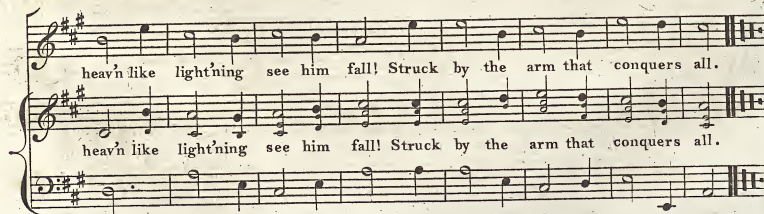
O 'tis a sound shou'd fill the world! The sound of mer-cy thro' the

O 'tis a sound shou'd fill the world! The sound of mer-cy thro' the



Lamb: Lo Sa-tan from his seat is hurl'd, Un-a-ble to with-stand his name! From

Lamb: Lo Sa-tan from his seat is hurl'd, Un-a-ble to with-stand his name! From



heav'n like light'ning see him fall! Struck by the arm that conquers all.

heav'n like light'ning see him fall! Struck by the arm that conquers all.

2

Lord give the word!—and wak'd by thee,
Let many tongues thy vict'ry tell!
That hopeless sinners now may see,
That thou hast vanquish'd Death and Hell:
Sound sound the joyful truth abroad!
Let sinners now draw nigh to God!

3

And thou victorious Lord, all hail! ..
Immortal honours shade thy brow!
When Death and Hell thy friends assail,
They find in thee a refuge now:
Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
And free their souls from all alarms.

ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP APPEARING,

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings."

ISAIAH, lli. 7.

On the mountain's top appear-ing, Lo the sa-cred he-rald stands;
On the mountain's top appear-ing, Lo the sa-cred he-rald stands;
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands.
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands.
Mourning cap-tive! Mourning captive! God him-self will loose thy bands.
Mourning cap-tive! Mourning captive! God him-self will loose thy bands.

2
Has thy night been long and mournful?
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

3
God, thy God will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee:
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafe to send.

4
Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy warfare now is past:
For thy shame thou shalt have double:
Days of peace are come at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

JESUS, IMMORTAL KING,

57

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh O most mighty with thy glory and thy majesty."

PSALM, xlv. 3.

Je - sus, im - mor - tal King, go on; The glo - rious day will soon be

Je - sus, im - mor - tal King, go on; The glo - rious day will soon be

won; Thine e - - ne - mies pre - pare to flee, And leave a con - quer'd world to thee.

won; Thine e - - ne - mies pre - pare to flee, And leave a con - quer'd world to thee.

* CHORUS

Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah,

Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah,

A - - men! Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, A - - men! A - - men! A - - men! A - - men!

A - - men! Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, A - - men! A - - men! A - - men! A - - men!

2
Gird on thy sword victorious Chief!
The captive sinner's sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne;
And make the universe thine own.

3
Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace
And mark the conquests of thy grace.
Finish the work thou hast begun;
And let thy will on earth be done.

4
Then shall contending nations rest.
For love shall reign in ev'ry breast;
Weapons for war design'd shall cease;
Or then be implements of peace.

5
Hark, how the hosts triumphant sing!
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his!

* NB The Chorus is to be sung only after the last Verse. Hallelujah! Amen!

HARK THE SOLEMN TRUMPET SOUNDING.

"Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound."

LEV. xxv. 9.

Hark the solemn trumpet sounding, Loud proclaims the ju-bi-lee;

Hark the solemn trumpet sounding, Loud proclaims the ju-bi-lee;

'Tis the voice of grace abound-ing, Grace to sinners rich and free: Ye who know the

'Tis the voice of grace abound-ing, Grace to sinners rich and free: Ye who know the

joyful sound, Publish it to all a-round. Publish it to all a-round.

joyful sound, Publish it to all a-round. Publish it to all a-round.

2
Is the name of Jesus precious?
Does his love your spirits cheer?
Do you find him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think that what he is to you,
Such he'll be to others too.

3
Were you once at awful distance,
Wandering from the fold of God?
Could no arm afford assistance,
Nothing save but Jesus' blood?
Think how many still are found,
Strangers to the joyful sound.

4
Brethren, join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord;
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word.
Father, let thy kingdom come,
Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.

5
Brethren, let us freely offer;
All we have is from above;
Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer*;
What is this to Jesus' love?
Did he die our souls to save?
Then we're his and all we have.

6
Hark the saints' triumphant chorus!
"Worthy is the Lamb," they cry;
They have gain'd the prize before us:
Soon we hope to share their joy:
But while here, remember still,
They who love him, do his will.

7
'Till we reach the wish'd for vision,
'Till we see him as he is:
Let us scorn the world's derision,
Let us prove that we are his:
Let us sound thro' all the earth,
Christ's inestimable worth.

YES, WE TRUST THE DAY IS BREAKING;

59

"The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all the nations."

ISAIAH III. 10.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joy-ful times are near at hand:

Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joy-ful times are near at hand:

God, the migh-ty God, is speaking, By his word, in ev'-ry land:

God, the migh-ty God, is speaking, By his word, in ev'-ry land:

Mark his pro-gress, Mark his pro-gress, Dark-ness flies at his command.

Mark his pro-gress, Mark his progress, Dark-ness flies at his command.

Mark his progress, Mark his progress, Darkness flies at his com-mand.

Mark his progress, Mark his progress, Darkness flies at his com-mand.

2
 Let us hail the joyful season:
 Let us hail the rising ray:
 When the Lord appears, there's reason,
 To expect a glorious day;
 At his presence,
 Gloom and darkness fly away.

3
 While the foe becomes more daring:
 While he enters like a flood:
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad:
 Ev'ry language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.)

Copy
 4
 O! 'Tis pleasant, 'tis reviving,
 To our heart to hear each day;
 Joyful news, from far arriving:
 How the gospel wins its' way:
 Those enlight'ning,
 Who in death and darkness lay.

5
 Babylon's proud walls are falling;
 All her wise-men are perplex'd:
 'Tis in vain we hear them calling,
 On their Gods; her cup is mix'd:
 She must drink it:
 God himself her doom has fix'd.

6
 'Tis a time of expectation:
 Awful signs are seen around:
 Nation rising against nation:
 Kingdoms falling to the ground:
 Ancient kingdoms
 Perish, and no more are found.

7
 God of Jacob, high and glorious;
 Let thy people see thy hand:
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world, in ev'ry land:
 Let the Idols,
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Hymns
ON
Various Passages,
OF
SCRIPTURE,
Written & Composed
BY
Thomas Kelly.
No. 6

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AND IS THERE ROOM FOR US.

61

LORD'S SUPPER.

"But I said, how shall I put thee among the Children?"

JEREM. iii. 9.

And is there room for us, Among the favour'd few? Are we permitted thus, The Saviour's
 And is there room for us, Among the favour'd few? Are we permitted thus, The Saviour's
 death to shew? And say by this, That we are his? And say by this, That we are his?
 death to shew? And say by this, That we are his? And say by this, That we are his?

ALLEGRO

Come then, o - bedient to his word, And eat the supper of our Lord. And eat the supper of our Lord.
 Come then, o - bedient to his word, And eat the supper of our Lord. And eat the supper of our Lord.

2

'Tis true, we nothing have,
 Deserving his regard;
 But Jesus came to *save*:
 He came not to *reward*:
 Reflection sweet,
 For sinners meet! — Come then, &c.

3

For them the table's spread,
 Who make his name their hope;
 Their's is the living bread,
 And their's salvation's cup.
 Saviour thou know'st,
 Thy name's our boast. — Come then, &c.

"I Will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou LORD, only makest me dwell in safety."

PSALM iv. 8.

MODERATO

MODERATO

Thou' the day thy love has spar'd us, Now we lay us down to rest:

Thou' the day thy love has spar'd us, Now we lay us down to rest:

Thou' the silent watches guard us; Let no foe our peace molest: Je - sus thou our

Thou' the silent watches guard us; Let no foe our peace molest: Je - sus thou our

guardian be: Sweet it is to trust in thee. Sweet it is to trust in thee.

guardian be: Sweet it is to trust in thee. Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and our's preserve from dangers:
In thine arms may we repose:
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

PRAYER FOR A BLESSING ON THE WORD.
PRAISE WE HIM BY WHOSE KIND FAVOUR.

63

"For the Gospel is preached unto us."

HEB. iv 2.

Praise we him, by whose kind favour, Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears! May its sweet re-

viving savour Fill our hearts, & calm our fears! Truth how sacred is the treasure! Teach us Lord, its

viving savour Fill our hearts, & calm our fears! Truth how sacred is the treasure! Teach us Lord, its

worth to know! Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure, That from other sources flow.

worth to know! Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure, That from other sources flow.

2

What of truth we've now been hearing,
Lord to ev'ry heart apply!
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy!
Till thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye,
This our aim, our sole endeavour,
Thine to live, and thine to die!

OF THY LOVE, SOME GRACIOUS TOKEN,

"Shew me a token for good."

PSALM lxxxvi. 17.

Of thy love, some gracious token, Grant us, Lord, be-fore we go; Bless thy word which
Of thy love, some gracious token, Grant us, Lord, be-fore we go; Bless thy word which
has been spoken, Life and peace on all bestow; When we join the world again, Let our hearts with
has been spoken, Life and peace on all bestow; When we join the world again, Let our hearts with
thee remain! O direct us, And protect us! O direct us, And protect us! Till we gain the
thee remain! O direct us, And protect us! O direct us, And protect us! Till we gain the
heavenly shore Where thy people want no more. Where thy people want no more.
heavenly shore Where thy people want no more. Where thy people want no more.

SPAR'D A LITTLE LONGER,

65

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.
"Kept by the power of God."

1 PET. i. 5.

MODERATO

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'MODERATO'. The lyrics are: 'Spar'd a lit-tle lon-ger, May our souls grow stronger To maintain the ar- - - duous fight of faith.' The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system contains the next two lines. The music is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

2
 Many foes surround us,
 Hoping to confound us;
 But the Lord himself is our defence.

3
 We have hearts deceitful,
 And of truth forgetful;
 Yet our gracious Lord his people spares.

6
 By his eye directed;
 By his arm protected;
 We shall gain the presence of our God.

4
 Pilgrims here, and strangers,
 Who can tell our dangers?
 But our Lord will save us from them all.

5
 He has dearly bought us;
 Hitherto has brought us;
 And will lead us to himself at last.

IN FORM I LONG HAD BOW'D THE KNEE

"My Saviour."

2 SAMUEL xxii. 3.

ANDANTE

In form I long had bow'd the knee; But nought at-trac-tive

In form I long had bow'd the knee; But nought at-trac-tive

then could see, To win my way-ward heart to thee My Sa-viour!

LARGO

then could see, To win my way-ward heart to thee My Sa-viour!

2
Yet oft I trembled when I thought,
How I had sold myself for nought;
But still against thy love I fought
My Saviour!

3
When self-accus'd I trembling stood,
I promis'd fair, as any could;
But never counted on thy blood,
My Saviour!

4
Too soon the promise vain I prov'd,
That sinners make, while sin is lov'd,
But still to thee this heart ne'er mov'd,
My Saviour!

5
To pleasure prone, I thought it hard,
From pleasures path to be debarr'd;
Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,
My Saviour!

6
At length despairing to be free,
A willing slave I meant to be:
'Twas then thou did'st appear to me,
My Saviour!

7
Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
Thou did'st redeem my soul with blood,
And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
My Saviour!

8
Thro' storms and waves of conflict past,
Thy potent arm has held me fast,
And thou wilt save me to the last,
My Saviour!

9
And when the voy'ge of life is o'er;
I hope to gain the heav'nly shore,
And never grieve thy goodness more,
My Saviour!

HE COMES! THE SAVIOUR FULL OF GRACE!

"Behold he shall come, saith the LORD of hosts."

MAL. iii. 1.

He comes! the Saviour full of grace! By ancient prophets sung; The
 He comes! the Saviour full of grace! By ancient prophets sung; The
 smiles of mer-cy in his face, And truth upon his tongue. And truth up-on his tongue.
 smiles of mer-cy in his face, And truth upon his tongue. And truth up-on his tongue.

2
 In him the world no beauty sees;
 "No form nor comeliness,"
 Rejected and despis'd he is,
 And plung'd in deep distress.

3
 But there's a people taught by grace,
 To know his matchless worth;
 They own him tho' accounted base,
 And shew his praises forth.

4
 They own him as the Lord of all
 Their Saviour, and their God.
 Before his feet they prostrate fall:
 The purchase of his blood.

5
 'Tis thus the Saviour is receiv'd;
 The world accounts him vile;
 While sinners by his grace reliev'd
 Can live but by his smile.

6
 To him who bore the sinners' shame,
 Be endless glory giv'n.
 Immortal honours crown his name,
 The Lord of earth and heav'n!

O ZION WHEN I THINK ON THEE

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, Yea we wept when we remembered Zion."

ANDANTE

PSALM cxxxvii. 1.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'O Zi-on when I think on thee, I wish for pinions like the dove: And mourn to think that I should be So dis-tant from the place I love. So dis-tant from the place I love. So dis-tant from the place I love.' The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with flowing sixteenth-note patterns and a left hand with a steady bass line.

2
A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh:
Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3
While here, I walk on hostile ground;
The few that I can call my friends,
Are like myself with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4
But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return:
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5
The hope that such a day will come,
Makes ev'n the captive's portion sweet:
Tho' now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

GROUND OF MY HOPE

69

"But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross."

GAL. vi. 14.

ANDANTE

Ground of my hope, the cross appears: I see the "man of sorrows" bleed: I bid a -
 Ground of my hope, the cross appears: I see the "man of sorrows" bleed: I bid a -
 dieu to guilty fears, And in his death my pardon read. And in his death my pardon read.
 dieu to guilty fears, And in his death my pardon read. And in his death my pardon read.

2
 And could'st thou, O my saviour die,
 To rescue me from endless woe?
 Enough! there's none more blest than I,
 Since thou could'st love a sinner so.

3
 I leave the world its' boasted store,
 Of pleasures that must quickly end:
 I prize its' vanities no more
 Since I have found the sinner's friend.

4
 I care not if the world revile
 The world that hates my master's cause:
 The world, I know would quickly smile,
 Were I again what once I was.

5
 Then farewell world, and farewell all
 That emulates a Saviour's claims;
 I'll hear him and obey his call,
 Regardless who approves or blames.

6
 I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
 Nor then will cease to sing his love:
 For when my voice is lost in death,
 I hope to join the choirs above.

WE BOAST AN ORIGIN DIVINE

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

I. JOHN iii. 2.

ANDANTE

We boast an o-ri-gin di-vine; God is our fa-ther heav'n our home: In yonder world we

We boast an o-ri-gin di-vine; God is our fa-ther heav'n our home: In yonder world we

hope to shine, Where sin and sorrow ne-ver come. Where sin and sor-row never come.

hope to shine, Where sin and sorrow ne-ver come. Where sin and sor-row never come.

2
As Jesus, whom we worship, was;
'Tis thus we are, and wish to be:
We glory only in his cross:
And who on earth so blest as we?

3
We wait the coming of our Lord;
Nor do we wait that day in vain:
We cannot doubt his faithful word,
That tells us he will come again.

4
Come then, dear Lord, O come and take,
Thy people to their heav'nly home:
The scorn they suffer for thy sake
Sweetens the hope of joys to come.

5
They long to see thee as thou art:
They long to mix with those above:
To meet where they shall never part,
And sing thine everlasting love.

O HAD I THE WINGS OF A DOVE

71

"And I said, O that I had wings like a dove;"

PLALM. 55. 6.

MODERATO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

O had I the wings of a dove, I'd make my escape, and be gone: I'd mix with the spirits a-
 O had I the wings of a dove, I'd make my escape, and be gone: I'd mix with the spirits a-
 bove, Who encompass you heavenly throne I'd fly from all labour and toil, To the place where the
 bove, Who encompass you heavenly throne I'd fly from all labour and toil, To the place where the
 weary have rest: I'd haste from contention and broil, To the peaceful abode of the blest.
 weary have rest: I'd haste from contention and broil, To the peaceful abode of the blest.

2.
 How happy are they who no more,
 Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
 Arriv'd on the heavenly shore;
 They have left all their conflicts below.
 They are far from all danger and fear;
 While remembrance enhances their joys,
 As the storm when escap'd will endear,
 The retreat that the haven supplies.

3
 Around that magnificent throne,
 Where the Lamb all his glory displays;
 United for ever in one
 His people are singing his praise.
 How holy, how happy are they?
 No tongue can express their delight:
 My soul, now unwilling to stay,
 Prepares for her heavenly flight.

4
 But why do I wish to be gone?
 Do I want from the danger to flee?
 And shall I do nothing for one,
 Who was once such a sufferer for me?
 Ah, Lord, let me think of the day,
 When thou wast "rejected of men!"
 And put the base wish far away;
 And never be fearful again.

5
 Nor less my perverseness forgive;
 That when ease and prosperity come;
 Thy servant is willing to live;
 And his exile prefers to his home:
 Ah Lord, what a creature am I?
 Sure nothing can lighten my guilt:
 Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
 And make me whatever thou wilt.

IT IS FINISH'D! SINNERS HEAR IT!

"He said, IT IS FINISHED"

JOHN xix. 30.



"It is finish'd! sinners hear it!" 'Tis the dy-ing victor's cry: "It is finish'd!"

Angels bear it, Bear the joy-ful truth on high! It is finish'd! It is finish'd!

It is finish'd! It is finish'd! Tell it thro' the earth and sky!

2

Justice from her awful station,
Bars the sinner's peace no more;
See she views with approbation,
What the Saviour did and bore;
Grace and mercy
Now display their boundless store.

3

Hear the Lord himself declaring,
All perform'd he came to do;
Sinners in yourselves despairing,
This is joyful news to you.
Jesus speaks it!
His are faithful words and true.

4

"It is finish'd!" All is over,
Yes, the cup of wrath is drain'd;
Such the truth these words discover:
Thus the vict'ry was obtain'd.
'Tis a vict'ry
None but Jesus could have gain'd.

5

Crown the mighty conqueror, crown him,
Who his people's foes o'ercame!
In the highest Heav'n enthroned him!
Men and Angels sound his fame!
Great his glory!
Jesus bears a matchless name.

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OR

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OF

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BEHOLD THE LAMB WITH DEEPLY CROWN'D.

To the highest of the throne— a Lamb with deeply crown'd.

Handwritten musical score for a hymn. It consists of six staves of music. The first two staves are for the Soprano and Alto parts, and the next four staves are for the Tenor and Bass parts. The lyrics are written below the staves.

He hold the Lamb with glo'ry crown'd, To him all hearts are bow'd;
Be 'neath the Lamb with glory crown'd, To him all hearts are bow'd;
He hold the Lamb with glo'ry crown'd, To him all hearts are bow'd;
Be 'neath the Lamb with glory crown'd, To him all hearts are bow'd;
He hold the Lamb with glo'ry crown'd, To him all hearts are bow'd;
Be 'neath the Lamb with glory crown'd, To him all hearts are bow'd;

3
That sing the people then be found
Transported with the sight,
To see the Lamb with glory crown'd,
That yield them sweet delight.

4
This song be ours, and this alone
That celebrates the name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And that exalts the Lamb.

5
To him whom men desire and sight,
To him be glory given,
For crown is his, and he is King,
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

6
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne.

7
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne.

8
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb who sits upon the throne.

BEHOLD THE LAMB WITH GLORY CROWN'D.

"In the midst of the throne— a Lamb as it had been slain."

Rev. V. 6.

QUICK

Be-hold the Lamb with glo-ry crown'd, To him all pow'r is giv'n; No
 Be-hold the Lamb with glo-ry crown'd, To him all pow'r is giv'n; No
 place too high for him is found, No place too high in Heav'n.
 place too high for him is found, No place too high in Heav'n.

2
 He fills the throne, the throne above;
 He fills it without wrong;
 Sole object he of angels' love:
 Sole theme of angels' song.

3
 With faces veild yon seraphs bright
 Upon his glory gaze;
 Not seraphs could endure the light,
 The full resplendent blaze.

4
 Though high, yet he accepts the praise
 His people offer here:
 The faintest, feeblest cry they raise,
 Will reach the Saviour's ear.

5
 Well may his people then be found
 Transported with the sight;
 To see the Lamb with glory crown'd,
 Must yield them sweet delight.

6
 This song be ours, and this alone,
 That celebrates the name,
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And that exalts the Lamb.

7
 To him whom men despise and slight,
 To him be glory giv'n:
 The crown is his, and his by right
 The highest place in Heav'n.

YES WE HOPE THE DAY IS NIGH.

"And so all Israel shall be saved."

Rom. XI. 26.

MODERATO

Yes, we hope the day is nigh, When many nations long enslaved, When many nations
 Yes, we hope the day is nigh, When many nations long enslaved, When many nations
 long enslaved, shall break forth and sing with joy! Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the son of David. Ho-
 long enslaved, shall break forth and sing with joy! Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the son of David. Ho-
 sanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the son of David. Ho-san-na to the son of Da-vid.
 sanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the son of David. Ho-san-na to the son of Da-vid.

2
 Abraham's seed, cast off so long,
 Shall then appear among the saved;
 Shall arise, and join the song;
 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

3
 Jews and Gentiles shall unite:
 By Satan's pow'r no more enslaved;
 And shall sing with great delight,
 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

4
 But a brighter day is nigh,
 When Jesus shall collect his saved:
 Men and angels then shall cry,
 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND.

"The trumpet shall sound."

I. Cor. XV. 52.

ALLEGRO

The trumpet shall sound, And fill the world round; From shore it shall echo to shore; The

The trumpet shall sound, And fill the world round; From shore it shall echo to shore; The

Angel shall stand, with up-lifted hand, Proclaiming that time is no more.

Angel shall stand, with up-lifted hand, Proclaiming that time is no more.

2

And now shall the tomb
Discharge from its womb;
The load it no more can contain;
The Earth and the Sea,
The call shall obey,
And give up their myriads of slain.

3

The Saviour with crowds,
Shall come in the clouds;
His glory to all shall appear;
All power is given,
In Earth and in Heaven,
To him who was crucified here.

4

Then joy to the saints!
Whatever complaints
Attend on their state here below;
They all in that day
Shall vanish away;
No more shall their tears ever flow.

5

Their Lord they shall see;
With him they shall be;
With him in his Kingdom above
For ever to gaze;
For ever to praise;
For ever to sing of his love.

IN HIM WHOSE PRESENCE GLADDENS HEAV'N.

"Rejoice in the Lord?"

Phil: III. 1.

will re - joice; And blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n, and blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n. To

will re - joice; And blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n, and blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n. To

hear and know, To hear and know, To hear and know his voice.

hear and know, To hear and know, To hear and know his voice.

2
Against the Lord we once bore arms,
His mercy we oppos'd:
The charmer's voice possess'd no charms,
For those whose ears were clos'd.

3
He might have left us to endure,
The wrath we seem'd to brave:
Our case would then admit no cure,
For who but he could save?

4
But tho' resisted long, he strove,
His purpose was to save;
He shew'd the greatness of his love,
And tho' provok'd, forgave.

5
Then let us sing of grace alone,
And magnify the name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And join to praise the Lamb.

LET SINNERS SAY'D GIVE THANKS AND SING.

"I will sing and give praise."

PS. CVIII. 1.

MODERATO

Let sinners say'd give thanks, and sing. Of mer - cies past, of
 joys to come; The Lord their Sa - viour is, and King; The cross their
 hope, and Heav'n their home, The cross their hope, and Heav'n their home.

2
 Let sinners say'd give thanks, and sing;
 Salvation theirs, and of the Lord;
 They draw from Heav'n's eternal spring,
 The living God their great reward.

4
 Let sinners, say'd give thanks, and sing;
 The Lord has kept in dangers past;
 And, O sweet thought! the Lord will bring
 His people safe to Heav'n at last.

3
 Let sinners say'd give thanks, and sing;
 Sweet is the subject of their song,
 Who, made the children of a king,
 Expect to sing in Heav'n are long.

5
 Let sinners say'd give thanks, and sing;
 Of Jesus sing, thro' all their days;
 In Heav'n their golden harps they'll string,
 And there for ever sing his praise.

HARK THE SOUNDS OF GLADNESS.

"The Isles and the inhabitants thereof."

Isaiah XLII. 10.

MODERATO

Hark, the sounds of gladness From a distant shore; Like re-lief from
 Hark, the sounds of gladness From a distant shore; Like re-lief from
 sadness, sad-ness now no more: 'Tis the Lord has done it, He has
 sadness, sad-ness now no more: 'Tis the Lord has done it, He has
 won the day, His own arm has won it, Joy-ful we may say.
 won the day, His own arm has won it, Joy-ful we may say.

Idols lately ²bow'd to.
 Lie by all abhorrd;
 And the people crowd to
 Temples of the Lord:
 What a change! how glorious!
 Lord, thine arm is strong;
 Thou hast prov'd victorious,
 Though the fight was long.

Long the foe resisted, ³
 Loth to yield his prey;
 All his pow'rs enlisted,
 And maintain'd the day.
 But his arm is shatter'd,
 And the slaves are free:
 All his force is scatter'd:
 Glory, Lord, to thee.

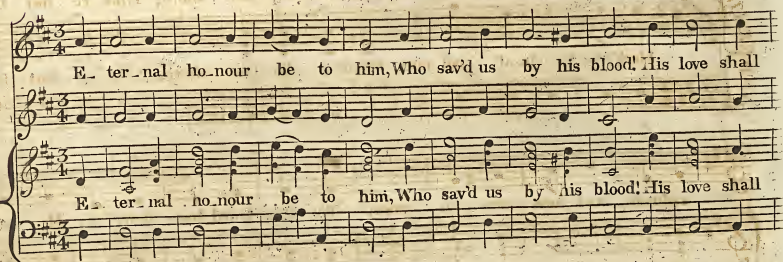
Hence those ⁴sounds of gladness.
 From a distant shore;
 Then away with sadness;
 And despond no more.
 Ye who mourn with Zion,
 And her welfare seek;
 Think of Judah's lion,
 Never faint nor weak.

When he wakes from slumber, ⁵
 And puts on his might,
 What is skill or number,
 Match'd with him in fight?
 When his foes assemble
 Hoping to prevail;
 Soon the valiant tremble,
 And the mighty fall.

ETERNAL HONOUR BE TO HIM.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us."

I. John III. 1.



2
But few would die to save a friend,
He died to save his foes;
His love nor measure has, nor end,
'Tis such as no man knows.

3
No words can tell its depth and height,
No love can equal his;
The love of God is infinite,
Like God himself it is.

4
No sacrifice appear'd too great,
The love of God to prove;
And thence we learn to estimate
The greatness of his love.

5
Yet all we know is, that his love
Exceeds all others far;
How far, not all the hosts above
Are able to declare.

6
But what we know makes wealth and fame,
And pleasure seem but loss;
And renders dear the glorious name
Of him who bore the cross.

GLAD WE HEAR FROM DAY TO DAY.

"And they caused great joy to all the brethren."

Acts XV. 3.

ALLEGRO

Glad we hear, from day to day, What the Lord is do - ing, How the Gos - pel wins its

Glad we hear, from day to day, What the Lord is do - ing, How the Gos - pel wins its

way, Sinners hearts sub - du - ing: What a glorious work is his? Work for e - ver

way, Sinners hearts sub - du - ing: What a glorious work is his? Work for e - ver

last - ing, Ev - ry o - ther work but this fa - ding is and wast - ing.

last - ing, Ev - ry o - ther work but this fa - ding is and wast - ing.

2
While the judgments of the Lord
Heav'n and earth are shaking:
Rous'd from slumber by his word,
Thousands are awaking:
Swiftly flies "the joyful sound,"
Heav'nly truth declaring;
To a guilty world around,
News of pardon bearing.

3
Saviour, let thy message run,
Message of salvation:
Take its circuit li'ke the sun;
Visit ev'ry nation.
Earth has long been overspread,
Overspread with sadness:
Let the day-spring come with speed,
Bringing light and gladness.

WELL SING OF THE SHEPHERD THAT DIED.

"I lay down my life for the sheep."

John X. 15.

We'll sing of the Shepherd that died, That died for the sake of the flock; His

We'll sing of the Shepherd that died, That died for the sake of the flock; His

love to the ut-most was tried, And im-mov-a-ble stood as a rock.

love to the ut-most was tried, And im-mov-a-ble stood as a rock.

2
When the blood of a victim must flow,
The shepherd by kindness was led,
To stand between them and the foe,
And willingly died in their stead.

3
Our song then for ever shall be
Of the shepherd who gave himself thus;
No subject so glorious we see,
And none so affecting to us.

4
We'll sing of this subject alone:
No other our tongues shall employ;
But better his love will be known,
In yonder bright regions of joy.

5
'Tis there that we hope we shall be,
Among the redeem'd to appear;
From sin and infirmity free,
We'll sing as we can not do here.

SOUND, SOUND THE TRUTH ABROAD.

"Cry aloud, spare not."

Isaiah LVIII. 1.

ALLEGRO

Sound, sound the Truth a-broad, Bear ye the word of God Through the wide
 world; Tell what our Lord has done, Tell how the day is won,
 And from his lofty throne Sa-tan is hurl'd.

Far over sea ² and land;
 ('Tis our Lord's own command.)

Bear ye his name.
 Bear it to ev'ry shore,
 Regions unknown explore,
 Enter at ev'ry door,
 Silence is shame.

³
 Speed on the wings of love,
 JESUS, who reigns above;
 Bids us to fly,
 They who his message bear,
 Should neither doubt nor fear,
 He will their friend appear,
 He will be nigh.

⁴
 When on the mighty deep,
 He will their spirits keep
 Stay'd on his word;
 When in a foreign land,
 No other friend at hand,
 JESUS will by them stand,
 JESUS their Lord.

⁵
 Ye who, forsaking all,
 At your lov'd master's call,
 Comforts resign.
 Soon will your work be done,
 Soon will the prize be won,
 Brighter than yonder sun
 Then shall ye shine.

IF I HAD WINGS THEN I WOULD FLY.

87

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."

Phil. 1. 23.

If I had wings, then I would fly With speed to yon der
 If I had wings, then I would fly With speed to yon der
 realms of light; I'd bid farewell to all be low, And take my e ver
 realms of light; I'd bid farewell to all be low, And take my e ver
 last ing flight. And take my e ver last ing flight.
 last ing flight. And take my e ver last ing flight.

2
 I'd ask admittance there, as one
 Without pretension aught but this:
 A sinner sav'd by grace alone;
 That grace that for the vilest is.

3
 I'd join in praise with those above,
 Who owe like me their place in heav'n
 To royal mercy; much they love,
 Because that much has been forgiv'n.

4
 I thought, vain hope, that I might claim
 A place in heav'n to merit due:
 'Twas then I gloried in my shame,
 And deem'd him wise who nothing knew.

8
 And when I reach yon glorious place,
 Where sinners sav'd shall sin no more,
 I hope to sing triumphant grace,
 And taste of joys unknown before.

5
 The thought of grace, so precious now,
 Had then no charms, or none for me,
 My haughty mind disdain'd to bow,
 A debtor then I scorn'd to be.

6
 But, O that grace, despid so long,
 How rich it is! it came to me;
 'Tis now the subject of my song,
 And while I live, I trust, shall be.

7
 Of grace abounding, here I'll sing,
 'Tis meet I should as one forgiv'n
 Of grace abounding, grace the spring
 Of hope on earth, and joy in heav'n.

YE WHO LOVE THE CAUSE OF ZION.

"For the Lord hath chosen Zion."

P. CXXXII. 13.

S *ZION*

Ye who love the cause of Zi-on, Tho' despis'd of men, and few, Arm'd with boldness

Ye who love the cause of Zi-on, Tho' despis'd of men, and few, Arm'd with boldness

like the Li-on, Fear not all that men can do: What tho' all the world op- pose,

like the Li-on, Fear not all that men can do: What tho' all the world op- pose,

God is stronger than her foes. God is stronger than her foes.

God is stronger than her foes. God is stronger than her foes.

Friends of Zion, mark the promise,
 "Zion shall become a praise;"
 Earth and Hell would wrest it from us:
 But in vain, our Saviour says
 Zion's king is Lord of Lords;
 His are true and faithful words.
 Zion's foes may all³ assemble,
 But their counsel cannot stand:
 Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,
 When the Lord shall raise his hand.
 Who to her would ruin bring,
 First must vanquish Zion's king.

Now, ye people, walk around her,
 View her walls, and count her tow'rs;
 See how God, her gracious founder
 Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs.
 Zion's children dwell secure;
 God has made their dwelling sure.
 See her firm and⁵ deep foundation,
 Zion stands upon a rock;
 God hath call'd her walls "Salvation;"
 Form'd to stand each adverse shock.
 Strength and glory here unite:
 Zion is the Lord's delight.

6
 Foes of Zion, fight no longer;
 Here submission will be gain.
 Zion's King will prove the stronger;
 And with pow'r her cause maintain:
 He secures her gates and walls:
 'Tis on you the ruin falls.

Ye who love the cause of Freedom, I do desire to see you all united with boldness and courage to the cause of the oppressed.

...the world ...

God stronger than her foes

And the man's their dwelling place
And the wife's their dwelling place
And the child's their dwelling place
And the people's their dwelling place

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

His serene and tranquil words
 None king is lord of I wonder
 The shining one, as you say
 Hath and hath worth what it from us
 And shall become a prince?
 Friends of W. and the promise

When the Lord calls his people
 to his assembly, let them stand
 with their hearts and voices
 to his praise and glory.

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JESUS OUR LORD IS KING.

"Now unto the King eternal be honour and glory."

1 Tim. I. 17.

Jesus our Lord is king, Come then ye saints and sing, Jesus our theme; High o-ver
all he is, Yonder bright throne is his, Triumph, ye saints, in this, Triumph in him.

2
Angels confess his claim,
Angels exalt his name,
"Angels of light;
Spirits around his throne,
Blessed in him alone,
Making his glory known,
Day without night.

3
High on his throne above,
His is a throne of love,
Jesus is seen;
In yonder glorious place,
Angels adore his grace,
Angels behold his face,
No cloud between.

4
While we remain below,
"Only in part we know;
More is not giv'n:
But there's a day at hand,
When, at our Lord's command,
We hope with joy to stand
Near him in heav'n.

5
Then in triumphant songs,
(Such joy to heav'n belongs,)
All shall unite;
All shall unite to sing
Jesus our glorious king,
Then shall all heav'n ring,
Ring with delight.

6
While ages roll away,
Joy suffers no decay,
Ever the same:
Let us then praise our king,
Tribute and homage bring;
Lord, 'tis thy name we sing,
Jesus! thy name.

GRACE IS THE SWEETEST SOUND.

"Of faith, that it might be by grace."

Rom: IV. 16.

Grace is the sweet - est sound, That e - ver reach'd our

ears, When con - science charg'd, And jus - tice frown'd, 'Twas

grace re - mov'd our fears, 'Twas grace re - mov'd our fears.

Grace is a theme indeed,
 A hope-inspiring theme,
 'Tis all we can desire or need,
 'Tis more than fancy's dream.

'Tis freedom ³ to the slave,
 'Tis light and liberty;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 'Tis joy and victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth,
 Laid open to the poor;
 Grace is a sovereign spring of health,
 'Tis life for evermore.

Of grace then let us sing,
 A joyful, wondrous theme;
 The God of grace is Israel's king,
 And grace proceeds from him.

We hope to see his face,
 With all the saints above,
 And sing for ever of his grace,
 For ever of his love.

LO HE COMES TIS ZION'S KING.

"Hosanna to the son of David."

Mat: XXI. 9

Lo! he comes, 'tis Zi-on's King, Rejoice ye whom his grace has sa-ved; Re-
 joice ye, whom his grace has sa-ved; Let the saints to-ge-ther sing, Hosannah, Ho-
 sannah, Ho-sannah to the son of Da-vid, Ho-sannah Ho-sannah, Ho-
 sannah to the son of Da-vid, Ho-sannah to the son of Da-vid.

2
 Though in lowly guise a King,
 And long his people were enslaved,
 Freed by him, they now may sing,
 "Hosannah to the son of David."

3
 Strike ye saints, a cheerful string,
 Your King for you all danger braved;
 Were we mute, the stones would sing,
 "Hosannah to the son of David."

4
 Tho' the world no plaudits bring,
 The world by Satan still enslaved;
 Yet angelic voices sing,
 "Hosannah to the son of David."

5
 Heav'n's high arches soon shall ring,
 While angels join with all the saved;
 And while both together sing,
 "Hosannah to the son of David."

SILENT ON A FOREIGN SHORE.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Ps. CXXXVII. 14.

Si - lent on a foreign shore, Ju - dah's Harp is heard no more,

Ju - dah's Harp is heard no more, See, it hangs on yonder bough,

No one comes to touch it now, Whence this silence, whence this sadness,

Where's the voice of joy and gladness, Where's the voice of joy and gladness?

Can the pining captive sing?
 Can he wake the silent string?
 Can the Exile far from home,
 Aught express but grief and gloom?
 Hence this silence, hence this sadness!
 Hence the want of joy and gladness.

Yet the Exile's day will come,
 And he shall regain his home,
 Zion's children shall return,
 And for ever cease to mourn;
 Whence this silence whence this sadness!
 Where's the voice of joy and gladness.

Zion's sons, tho' far from home,
 Yet may live on joys to come;
 Mighty their redeemer is,
 And his people's cause is his,
 Whence this silence, whence this sadness?
 Where's the voice of joy and gladness?

Let the harp of Judah now,
 Hang no more on yonder bough;
 Wake its silent strings again;
 Hope has its peculiar strain;
 Hope is not allied to sadness;
 Hope is full of joy and gladness.

SING SING HIS LOFTY PRAISE.

93

"Praise thy God, O Zion."

P. CXLVII.

Sing, sing his lo - ty praise, Whom an - gels cannot raise, But whom they
sing; Je - sus, who reigns a - bove, Ob - ject of an - gels love,
sing; Je - sus, who reigns a - bove, Ob - ject of an - gels love,
Je - sus, whose grace we prove, Je - sus our King.

Once upon earth he was,
Sin the mysterious cause,
Love brought him down:
Was ever love like his?
Stronger than death it is;
Was ever sight like this?
His be the crown.

Jesus the curse sustain'd,
Bitter the cup he drain'd,
Happy for us,
Angels were fill'd with awe,
When their own king they saw.
Honour his holy law,
Honour it thus.

Hail, our eternal king!
Jesus, whose name we sing,
Heav'n is thy throne;
Heav'n, where thine angels are,
Where all is bright and fair,
Reign thou for ever there,
Reign thou alone.

Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought:
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

Yet we will sing of him,
Jesus our happy theme,
Jesus we'll sing;
Glory and pow'r are his,
His too the kingdom is;
Triumph, ye saints, in this,
Jesus is king.

CHILDREN ONCE WERE HEARD TO SING.

"Hearst thou what these say?"

Mat: XXI. 16.

Children once were heard to sing, When so ma - ny si - lent were;

Glad they wel - con'd Is - rael's king, And Ho - san - nah's

fill'd the air, And Ho - san - nah's fill'd the air.

2
David's son, and David's Lord,
Heard their praises, and approv'd;
Be our Saviour's grace ador'd,
Be our Saviour's name belov'd.

3
Count us not, O Lord, too bold,
If we try our song to raise,
Children we, like those of old,
Taught, like them, to lisp thy praise.

4
Jesus hail, we sing of thee;
Welcome to thine house of pray'r;
Let our hearts thy temple be;
Lord set up thy kingdom there.

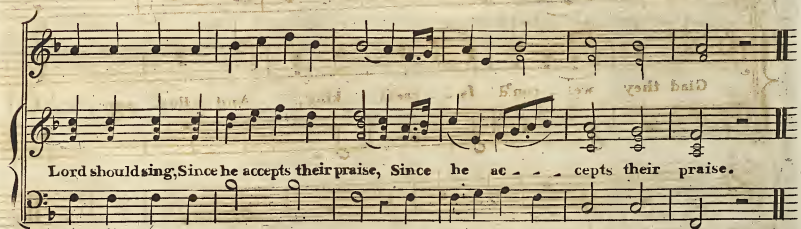
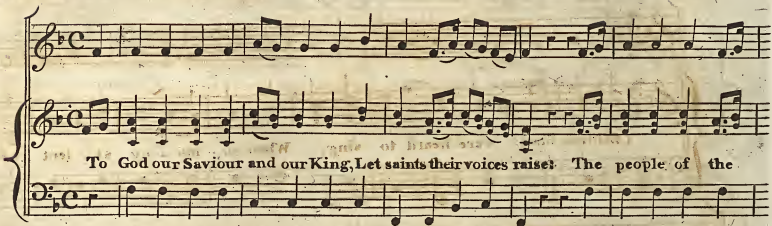
5
Make us wise, thy name to know;
Let us feel thy pow'r and love;
Ours to serve thee, Lord, below;
And to dwell with thee above.

6
There we'll sing hossannah's loud;
To a Saviour's praise we'll sing;
Mix with yonder joyful crowd,
And for ever praise our king.

TO GOD OUR SAVIOUR.

"Praise him all ye people."&c.

Ps CXVII.



2
Yes, he on whom the angels gaze
With wonder, love, and fear,
Disdains not to accept the praise.
His people offer here.

3
On yonder throne, exalted high,
He reigns his people's head:
He knows their wants, he hears their cry,
And gives them all they need.

4
How sweet to know his name who reigns
Supreme on yonder throne!
His love supplies, his pow'r sustains,
His love and pow'r alone.

8
Let everlasting praise be his,
Whose life for us was giv'n:
His name the greatest, sweetest is,
Of all in earth and heav'n.

5
The source from whence we draw our store
Is full, and overflows;
It yields its treasures to the poor,
Enriching freely those.

6
We'll praise the name of him who gives
What worlds could never buy:
He once was dead, but now he lives!
He lives no more to die.

7
The name he bears is pow'r and love,
'Tis wisdom, truth, and grace;
'Tis all that angels know above,
Who see "with open face".

BEHOLD HOW THE LORD.

"Conquering, and to conquer."

Rev: VI. 2.

Be-hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword, And from conquest to

conquest pro-ceeds; And from conquest to conquest pro-ceeds; How hap-py are

they Who live in this day, How hap-py are they Who live in this day, And

witness his wonderful deeds, And witness his won-der-ful deeds.

2
He sends his word forth
From the south to the north,
From the east to the west it is heard;
The rebel is charm'd,
The foe is disarm'd,
No day like this day has appear'd.

3
Our voices we'll raise,
We'll sing and give praise
To him, who from yonder bright throne,
Dispenses his grace
In every place,
We'll sing of his glory alone.

4
How glorious is he!
How blessed are we
Ascribing salvation to him!
His footsteps we trace,
His triumphs of grace,
And joyfully dwell on the theme.

5
To Jesus alone,
Who sits on the throne,
Salvation and glory belong;
All hail the blest name!
For ever the same,
Our boast, and the theme of our song.

THE HEAD THAT ONCE WAS CROWN'D.

97

"Perfect through sufferings."

Heb. II. 10.

The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo-ry now,
A roy-al di-a-dem a--dorns A roy-al di-a-dem a--
dorns The mighty vic-tor's brow, The migh-ty vic-tor's brow.

2
The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
"The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3
The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

6
The cross he bore is life and health,
Tho' shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

4
To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heav'n.

5
They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

WHY SLEEPS THE HARP OF JUDAH NOW?

"Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion."

Ps CXXXVII. 1.

Why sleeps the harp of Ju - dah now, Whose sounds were once so
sweet so loud? Why laid un - heed - ed on the bough. That o - ver - hangs Eu -
- phra - tes' flood. That o - ver - hangs Eu - phra - tes' flood.

2
Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?

Will no one touch its silent strings?

Are all restrain'd by solemn vow

That none will praise the "King of Kings?"

3
Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?

Let Zion's children answer why,

"We cannot sing, while here we bow

Beneath the yoke, and lonely sigh.

4
Our foes insulting ask a song;

And of their captives mirth demand,

But who can sing their foes among;

Or smile, when in a foreign land?

5
From Zion far, we mourn and pine;

Our hearts are sad, our tongues are dumb,

No prophet have we now, or sign;

No friend, no guide, no King, no home?"

6
And is that arm of pow'r bereft,

That wonders wrought in ages past?

Jehovah's people, are they left

To sorrows that for ever last?

7
The Lord from exile will recal

His people to their native shore;

And Babylon's proud walls, shall fall

In ruins, to arise no more.

8
Then let the harp of Judah ring,

With sounds of joy;—the day is near.

When Zion shall behold her king,

No more to weep, no more to fear.

WHY SHEEPS THE WAY OF LORDS
 JESUS MY LORD TO THEE.

"In my distress I called upon the Lord."

PS. XVIII. 6.

Je-sus, my Lord, to thee In my dis-tress I flee, Hear thou my call; Je-sus, the
 name I love, Je-sus, all names above, Je-sus, whose grace I prove, Je-sus, my all.

2
 Lord, when I fly to thee,

Be a defence to me,

In the dark hour;

Strong, because thou art strong,

When foes around me throng.

Be thou my boast and song,

Be thou my tow'r.

3
 When thou my Lord art nigh,

Foes I may well defy,

Strong is thine arm;

Mercy and truth are thine,

Wisdom and love divine;

Triumph and peace be mine,

Nothing shall harm.

4
 Nothing shall greatly move

Those who thy kindness prove,

Blessed alone;

Strong their Redeemer is,

Greatness and grace are his,

This, and far more than this,

Lord, is thine own.

5
 Lord, let thy favour be

Dearer than life to me,

Be thy name dear;

When foes against me fight,

Then raise thine arm of might,

Then save thy worm from flight,

Save him from fear.

LORD DISMISS US HENCE.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

P^{te} XLIV. 15.

Lord, dismiss us hence with gladness, Be thy people's lot our choice;

'Tis thy foes have cause of sadness, But thy people may rejoice; Who shall harm them,

Who shall harm them, Who shall harm them, While they hear and know thy voice?

2
 From thy word with food provided,
 May way we feed thereon and grow;
 And by thee, our Saviour, guided,
 Thro' the pathless desert go:
 While the gospel
 Charms our hearts from all below.

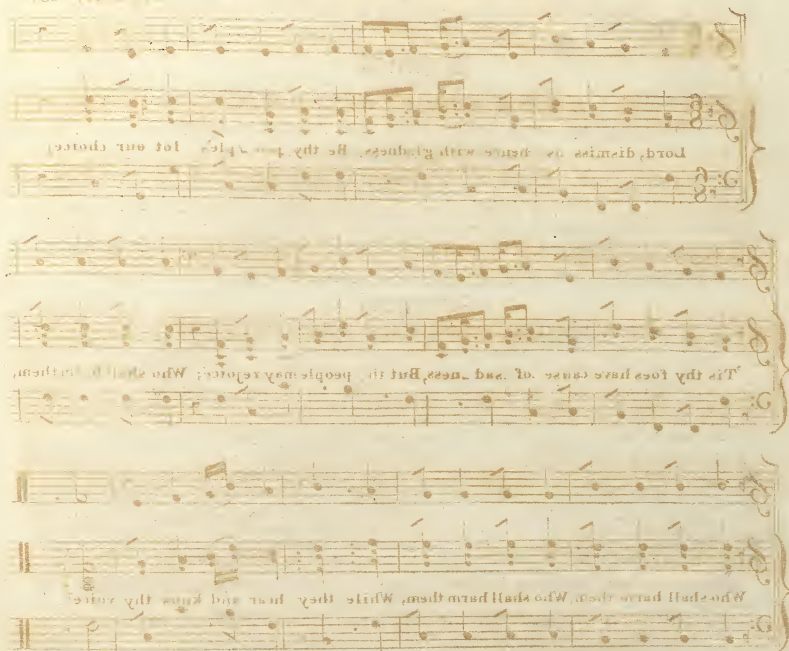
3
 Saviour, keep all evil from us,
 Go before us in the way;
 Till we reach the land of promise,
 Be thy word our guide and stay:
 Joy and triumph
 Shall be ours in that bright day.

4
 Then thy people's griefs are over;
 Then thy people cease to fight:
 In that day thou wilt discover
 All thy glory to our sight:
 God, our portion,
 God our everlasting light.

LORD DISMISS US NOW

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

15



2
From thy word with food provided,
May we be fed thereon and grow;
And by thee, our Saviour, guided,
Thine the pathless desert go;
While the way,
Turns our hearts from all below.

3
Then thy people, which are many,
Then thy people, cease to fight;
In that day thou wilt discover
All thy King, to our sight;
God our portion,
And our everlasting light.

4
Season, keep all from us,
Go before us in the way;
Till we reach the land of promise,
Be thy word our guide and stay;
Joy and triumph
Shall be ours in that bright day.

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Blest morning whose first dawning rays,	1	6	Thou wondrous love of God,	1	0
From Salem's gate advancing slow,	1	6	O! for a closer walk with God,	1	0
The God of Abrah'm praise,	1	0	Behold the Saviour of mankind,	1	6
Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,	1	0	To thee, my God and Saviour,	1	0
Father, how wide thy glory shines,	1	6	Great God indulge my humble claim,	1	0
Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode,	1	0	Sweet is the work, my God, my King,	1	0

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Behold the Lamb with glory crown'd,
Yes, we hope the day is nigh,
The trumpet shall sound,
In Him, whose presence gladdens Heav'n,
Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
Hark, the sounds of gladness,
Eternal honour be to Him,
Glad we hear from day to day,
We'll sing of the Shepherd who died,
Sound, sound the truth abroad,
If I had wings then would I fly,
Ye who love the cause of Zion,

No. VIII. Price 3s.—Containing

Jesus, our Lord, is King,
Grace is the sweetest sound,
Lo, he comes, 'tis Zion's King,
Silent on a foreign shore,
Sing, sing His lofty praise,
Children once were heard to sing,
To God, our Saviour and our King,
Behold how the Lord,
The head that once was crown'd with thorns,
Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?
Jesus, my Lord, to thee,
Lord, dismiss us hence with gladness.

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Let those who are agreed,
God is love,
Jesus drains the cup of sorrows,
Whence those sounds symphonious?
To Israel's God let praise be giv'n,
Tho' all these things substantial seem,

Lord, I trust in thee,
While I wander'd Jesus sought me,
Arise ye saints, arise and tell,
How sweet to leave the world awhile,
Tho' others be sad,
Sing aloud to God our strength.

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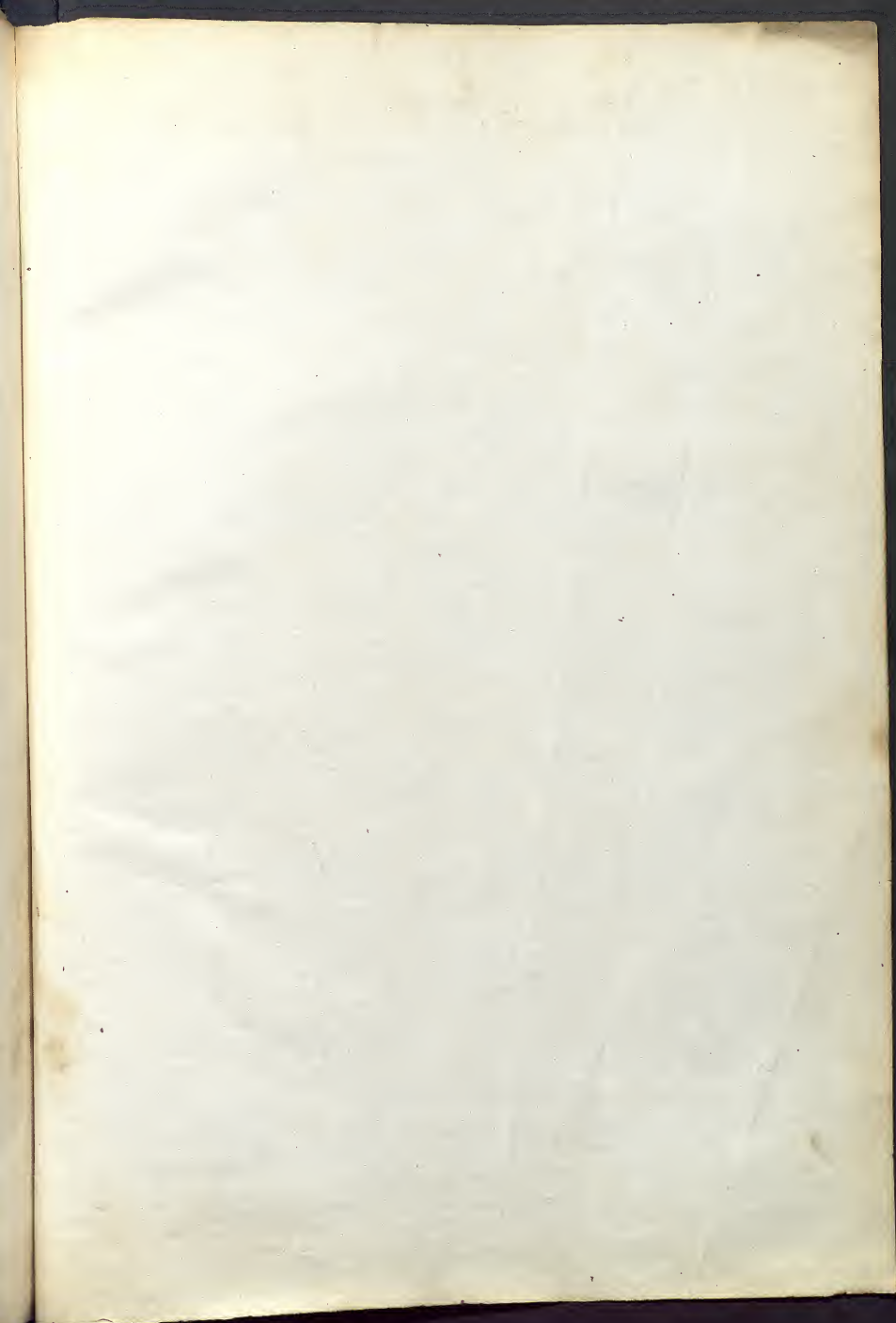
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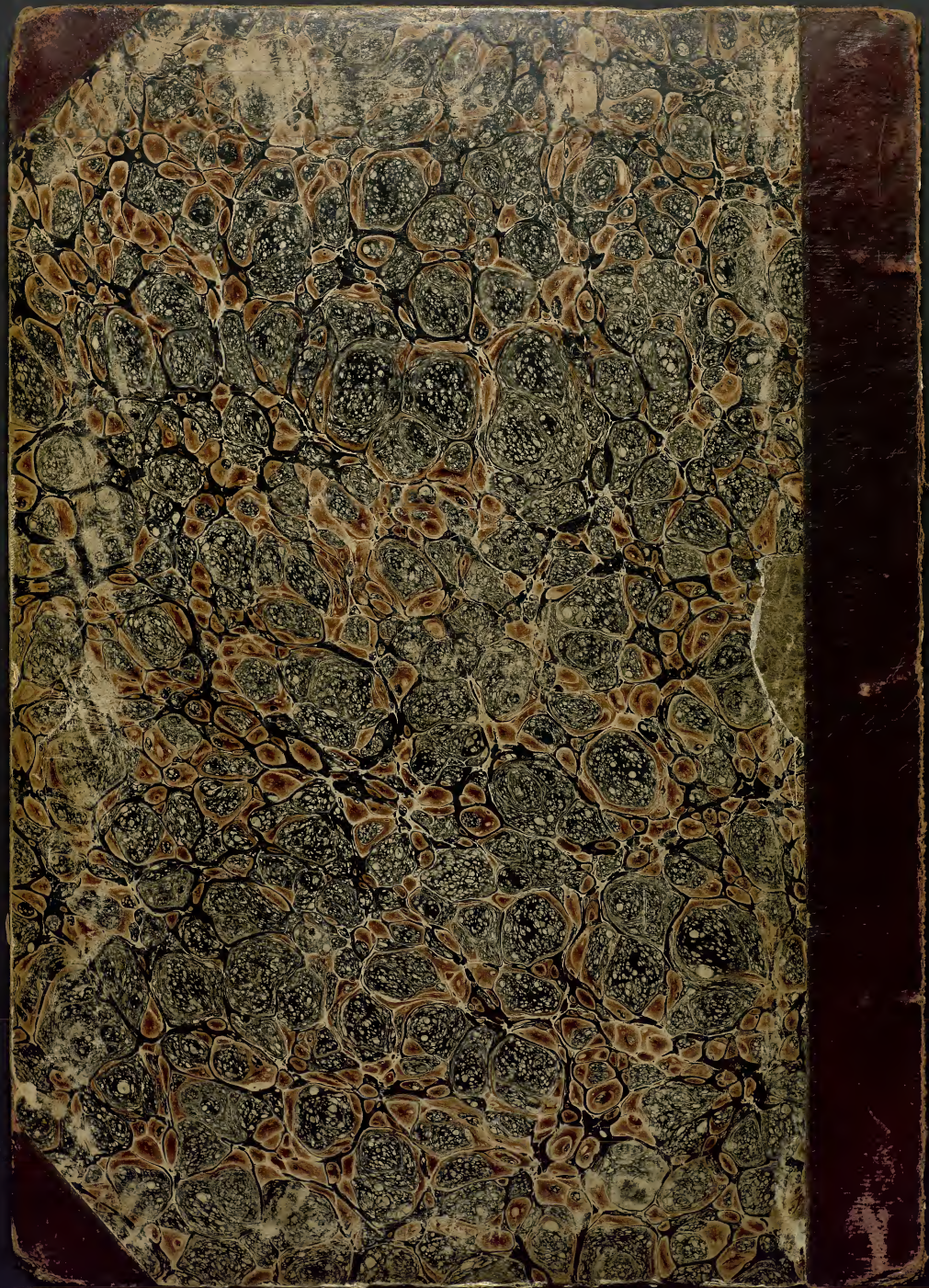
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